

UNSHEATHE YOU SWORD TO FIGH THE DEMONS OF CHIKUNGUNYA AND DENGUE

Did you know that mosquitoes have names?

Meet AEDES\* mosquitoes—they cause the two crippling diseases which have been maiming children, and women and men—young and old alike.

\* Aedes aegypti - the mosquito species that transmit the virus.



- 1 Observe this dress code: Wear full-sleeved clothes; don't expose your body.
- 2 Apply a thin layer of any mosquito repellent on any exposed part.
- 3 Sleep under mosquito-nets.
- 4 If you have an aquarium, change the water at least once in two or three days.
- 5 Remember to cover water tanks, and water stored in vessels.
- 6 Do not keep drinking water in the fridge for more than two days; fill them with fresh water.
- 7 Keep your study room/workplace neat and clean.
  Mosquitoes breed where there is junk.

Issued by your magazine in the interests of the health of children in India.















#### **VOL. 37**

#### **NOVEMBER 2006**

### NO. 11

#### 7 The Haughty Scholar (Vikram and Vetala)

### 11 Going Away (RuskinBond)

# 16 The Imposter Who Became King (A page from Indian history)

## 18 Hunted Out (Humorous story)

## The Magic of the Flute (Children's pages)

#### 50 Glimpses of Devi Bhagavatam (Mythology)

#### ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION: English Rs.180/-

Other languages Rs.150/- Send D.D. (<u>payable at Chennai</u>) or money order in favour of **Chandamama India Ltd**. with the name and address of the person you are gifting it to, and the language edition subscribed for. **Add Rs.90/- on outstation cheques**.

Subscriptions by air mail to all countries other than India Rs. 1,200/-For USA & Canada 12 issues by air mail English \$ 30 Other languages \$ 20 Remittances payable at Chennai in favour of **CHANDAMAMA INDIA LIMITED** 

No.82 Defence Officers' Colony, Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097. Phone: 2231 3637 / 2234 7399 E-mail: chandamama@vsnl.com

### **CONTENTS**

<b>○</b> ★	Mail Bag	06
*	Science Fair	14
<b>*</b>	The Neglected Wife	
	(A Jataka tale)	22
	Book Review	24
	Children in the News	25
	CHILDREN'S PAGES	
$\circ$ $\star$	The Bougainvillea Plant	26
*	The Race	28
$\bigcirc$ $\star$	Virtues and Vices	30
*	A Matter of Complexion	32
$\rightarrow$	Meena's Doll	36
*	Caged Parrots	40
<b>○</b> ★	A Lesson for the Emperor	
	and for All	
0	(Anecdotes from the	
	lives of the great)	42
*	Indiascope	43
*	A Goose is a Goose	
	(From the Arabian Nights)	44
$\bigcirc$ $\star$	Laugh Till You Drop	52
*	Comrade of Creatures	
	Big and Small	
	(Adventure & exploration)	53
-	Puzzle Dazzle	57
*	A Grateful Servant	58
	Garuda (Comics)	60
*	Chandamama Quiz and Results	64
$\rightarrow$	Photo Caption Contest	66

#### **FEARLESS FOUR**

This issue being a Children's Special, we have allotted more pages to carry the prizewinning stories and paintings sent by children. We are, therefore, holding over your favourite comics "Fearless Four" for the next issue. -Editor

© The stories, articles and designs contained in this issue are the exclusive property of the Publishers.

Copying or adapting them in any manner/medium will be dealt with according to law.



### **TOWARDS A SECURE LIFE**

The months of September, October and November are important for the children of India. On September 5, they observe Teachers Day in commemoration of the birthday of Dr.S.Radhakrishnan, one of the greatest teachers of modern India. It is the teacher who moulds a child's character. Our scriptures tell us: *Acharya devo bhava*- revere the teacher as a god. In recent times, we have often heard President Dr. Abdul Kalam saying how indebted he was to his teachers for moulding his character and career. The profession of teacher always comands everybody's respect.

Gandhi Jayanti on October 2 is an occasion when the people of India recall the life of Bapu, as Mahatma Gandhi used to be affectionately called. He lived a simple life and made sacrifices to lead the struggle for freedom from foreign rule. He succeeded in winning independence for the country and the people recognised him as the Father of the Nation. He made it possible for the citizens to live a dignified life.

India's first Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru often compared the health of the nation with the health of the nation's children. He advocated a healthy growth, bodily and mentally, for children for whom he had a special corner in his heart. Children called him Chacha Nehru. He saw in every child a growing up citizen, and at every opportunity he would remind them of their duties. His birthday on November 14 is celebrated as Children's Day.

These three occasions are not just days to be observed or celebrated. They provide an opportunity to children to re-dedicate their bounden duty towards their motherland.

As you celebrate Children's Day, *Chandamama* hopes that you will take up the challenge and pledge yourselves to contribute your best to the growth of the nation and to promote peace so that the coming generations can lead a secure life.



The art of reading is to skip judiciously. - P. G. Hamerton

What is the use of inward qualities where even two or three spectators are scarce? - P. Syrus

Poetry is an act of peace. Peace goes into the making of a poet as flour goes into the making of bread.

- Pablo Neruda

Visit us at: http://www.chandamama.org

### Reader Arnab Ghosh of West Bengal has this to say:

I am a daily reader of *Chandamama*. The magazine is interesting, nice and pictureful. I wish to thank everybody who works hard for *Chandamama*. I will be happy if Superman returns. I liked "The king's daughter-in-law" in the October issue.

The G-Man booklet was sponsored by an advertiser. - Editor

#### Reader A. Kiran writes from Kundannur, Trichur:

I have been reading *Chandamama* for nearly six yours now. Though I subscribe for three other magazines, I like *Chandamama* the best. It is very interesting and knowledgeable. Please publish some old stories again. May god bless *Chandamama*.

#### Reader V.Naveen of Khammam writes:

I am glad that I gained more knowledge after reading your April issue. Now I wish to become a regular subscriber.

#### By e-mail from Isha:

I love *Chandamama* the most of all magazines. I like the Arabian Nights comics. Can we have some more stories? I am sixand-a-half years old.

Haven't you seen our Junior Chandamama for

Haven't you seen our Junior Chandamama for children below nine years? It is full of activities that give you knowledge, fun, and entertainment – Editor.

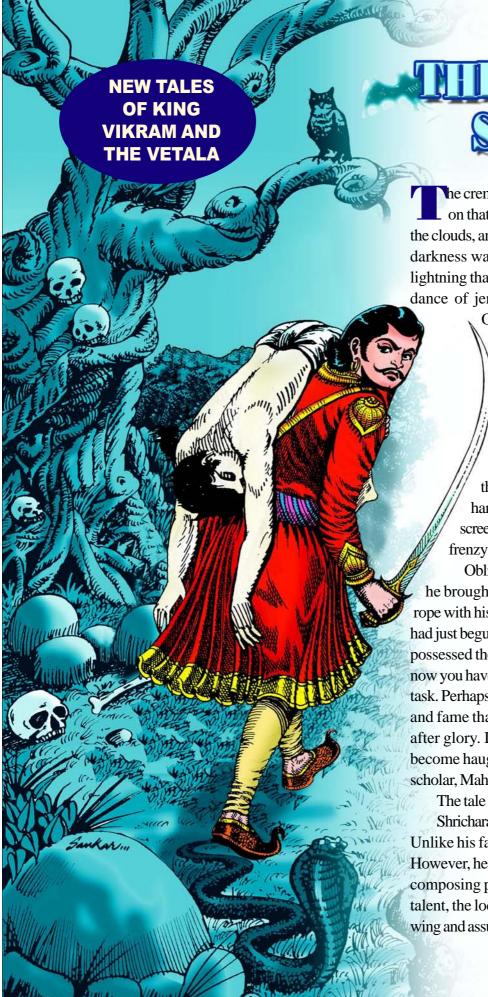


#### This came from Savitha of Madurai:

Chandamama is very informative and interesting. I have not missed a single issue from January 2003 to September 2006. The stories represent the way of life in our country. I like Kaleidoscope and Garuda comics the most.

#### Reader Md. Ziaur Rahman, Bangalore, writes:

Congratulations on turning 60!
Incidentally, I grabbed the July issue almost after six years. I was reading Chandamama in my school days, while I was in Manipur. Thanks for reviving my childhood memories. Though there are changes in the size and features, it is always the same old Chandamama that I loved reading. Being a computer student, I would suggest that you introduce features on computer and Information Technology which can be very informative and helpful to children who will soon become the pillars of our nation.



THE HAUGHINY SCHOLAR

he cremation ground presented an eerie spectacle on that dark night. The moon was hidden behind the clouds, and it was drizzling intermittently. The pitch darkness was relieved only by occasional flashes of lightning that lit up the sombre scene, causing an eerie dance of jerky shadows in the cremation ground.

Occasionally, a jackal's spine-chilling howl or the blood-curdling laughter of some invisible evil spirit cut into the silence that hung like a shroud over the area. Altogether, it was a scene that would strike terror into the bravest heart. But nothing could daunt the intrepid King Vikram. Once again, he made his way to the gnarled tree from which the corpse was hanging. Bones crunched under his feet, and a screeching ghost rose from the dust in shuddering frenzy as he marched determinedly ahead.

Oblivious to everything but the mission at hand, he brought the hanging corpse down by cutting the rope with his sword. Slinging it astride his shoulder, he had just begun his return journey when the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King! For so many days now you have been struggling to perform an impossible task. Perhaps it's not the lure of wealth, but that of glory and fame that motivates you. It is not good to hanker after glory. It might turn your head and cause you to become haughty – as was the case with the celebrated scholar, Mahanand of Shripur. Listen to his story."

The tale narrated by the vampire went as follows.

Shricharan was the son of a farmer of Rampur village. Unlike his father, he showed no aptitude for farming. However, he had a passion for literature. He had started composing poems from a very young age. Seeing his talent, the local schoolmaster had taken him under his wing and assumed the responsibility of educating him.



Shricharan was such a bright student that within just three years, he had learnt what a normal student would take a decade. The schoolmaster, who was aware of his own limitations as a teacher, now advised him to go to the capital to pursue his education. But alas, his straitened financial position did not permit this.

One day, a well-known poet happened to visit Rampur. The schoolmaster seized this opportunity to introduce his accomplished pupil to him and seek his advice as to what he should do to foster his literary career.

The poet examined a few of Shricharan's poems and said, "There are some mistakes in grammar and imagery; but on the whole, your work looks promising. I'll tell you what you can do. Pandit Mahanand, the famous scholar and literary critic, lives in Shantipur. I suggest you go to him with your poems and request him to guide you. A word from him should take you far in literary circles. Even the king has great respect for his erudition. As Pandit Mahanand's disciple, you could end up rising to the position of court poet."

Hearing this, Shricharan was filled with zeal to meet the scholar who was so well spoken of. He made enquiries about Pandit Mahanand. To his joy, he found that one of his own acquaintances – Kishanchand, a landlord of Rampur – was related to the scholar.

Shricharan went to meet Kishanchand and told him of his literary ambitions. He then requested him to give him a letter of introduction to Pandit Mahanand.

But Kishanchand said, "Mahanand is of a peculiar nature. He hates recommendations like poison. If I were to recommend you to him, he would straight away ask me, 'What do you know of poetry that you recommend a poet?' So instead of carrying a letter from me, compose some fine poems and take them to him. That's the only way to impress him. But I must warn you that he's a haughty man who takes offence easily, and who is hard to please. He's a very finicky critic, too. I've seldom heard him praise anyone."

This dismal introduction only strengthened Shricharan's resolve to impress the great scholar. He returned home and began the task of composing a literary epic that would win him praise from the most fastidious of critics. After slogging day and night for several weeks, he completed a long poem on Lord Krishna, named *Shreekrishna Leelamrita*. Shricharan then set off for Shantipur to meet Pandit Mahanand.

He reached the town after a long journey, and found his way to Pandit Mahanand's house. The first sight to meet his eyes was that of the celebrated scholar in the company of a younger man. Apparently, the youth was an upcoming poet who had brought his work to be reviewed by the scholar. The latter was mercilessly criticising every aspect of the poem – the grammar, the scansion, and the imagery employed. Nothing seemed to have met with his approval, for, he was scathing in his condemnation of each individual aspect.

After listening to his commentary for a few moments, Shricharan felt amused. A titter escaped him. This attracted the attention of the other two. The irate scholar glared at him and demanded, "What is it that you find so amusing?"

Shricharan bowed to him and humbly answered,

"Pardon me for interrupting you, sir. The lotus blooms in the most unsightly swamp. For all that, it is still the finest of flowers! It is not correct to find fault with it by focussing on its lowly origins; rather, one should appreciate its loveliness."

By this, he hoped to drive home the point that a good critic should focus on the beauty of the poem instead of killing it with destructive criticism.

But his words only angered Pandit Mahanand further. Red-faced, the scholar burst out, "To be truly great, a literary work should be devoid of grammatical mistakes – and it is the critic's duty to point them out to the author so that he may correct them. Evidently, you don't know this! Who are you, who presume to mock at me?"

Shricharan replied, "I'm Shricharan, a poet from Rampur. I have brought my work, *Shreekrishna Leelamrita*, to show you. I would like your guidance."

But Pandit Mahanand furiously shouted, "So you want to become my disciple – and yet you behave in such a rude manner? Before approaching me with such a request, first go to some other guru and learn from him

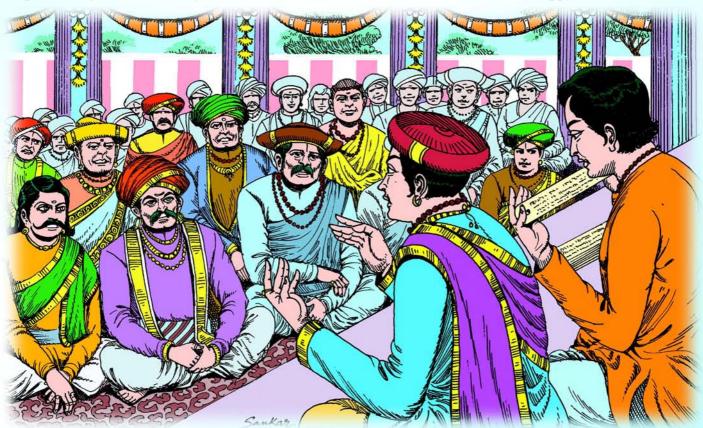
the basic lesson of how to conduct oneself before one's guru!"

Saddened, Shricharan turned away from the scholar's door and made his way back to his village. Deeply dejected, he met Kishanchand and said, "Sir, you were right! Pandit Mahanand is very haughty, and it's impossible for me to please him. All my labour in composing this work has gone waste. I don't even want to look at it hereafter!" Saying this, he handed over his prized manuscript to Kishanchand and walked away without a backward glance.

A few days later, Kishanchand received a letter from Pandit Mahanand: "One Shricharan from your village has composed a poem named *Shreekrishna Leelamrita*. Please send me some excerpts from the poem, without the knowledge of the author."

Kishanchand went in person to meet his illustrious relative, taking Shricharan's manuscript with him. Pandit Mahanand read the poem and remarked, "This is a great work indeed! Shricharan deserves to be honoured by the king."

Kishanchand was very happy. He rushed back to



### **NUTRINE QUIZ-2**



- 1. Which scale is used to measure the hardness of minerals?
  - a. Richter scale b. Moh's scale
  - c. Chromograph d. Spectograpgh

India's largest selling sweets and toffees.

2. How many islands are there in the Andaman group of islands?

a. 50 b. 205

c. 200 d. 85

(Answer on page 21)

Rampur and told Shricharan what Pandit Mahanand had said.

For a moment, Shricharan stood dumbfounded. Then, he said, "I must once again go to meet Pandit Mahanand and read out my poems to him." He left for Shantipur the same day.

Once again, he found Pandit Mahanand sitting on his verandah. But this time, the scholar stood up and welcomed him warmly. Shricharan prostrated before him and sought his blessings. He said, "Sir, please accept me as your disciple!"

Pandit Mahanand embraced him warmly and said, "May you be ever victorious!"

On the next auspicious day, Pandit Mahanand arranged for Shricharan to read out his poetry in front of a distinguished gathering of poets and scholars.

When he had finished, the hall resounded with applause.

Concluding the story at this point, the vampire demanded, "O King, it is evident that Pandit Mahanand

was a haughty man who was proud of his own erudition. So, why did he eventually praise Shricharan's poem? Was it to avoid being branded as arrogant and finicky? Speak out if you know the answer – otherwise, your head shall shatter into smithereens!"

Without hesitation, King Vikram answered, "Pandit Mahanand was a true scholar and lover of poetry. If he criticised the flaws in the works of poets, it was with the intention of helping them to improve their work. Those poets and scholars who did not understand this, branded him an arrogant and finicky man. But this was not really the case. When he saw real talent, as in the case of Shricharan, he went out of his way to encourage it!"

On hearing this, the vampire nodded in approval, before going off into peal after peal of thunderous laughter. The next moment he, along with the corpse, moved off the king's shoulder with a jerk and flew back to the tree. King Vikram gave a little sigh as he gazed upon the scene. Then, he squared his shoulders, drew his sword, and retraced his steps towards the ancient tree.





### **GOING AWAY**

ell, I'm glad you enjoyed your hike,' said my father. 'It'll give you something pleasant to look back upon. We'll be returning to England in a week or two, Laurie.'

'Already!' I exclaimed, 'But we've been here only two years.'

'That's a long time,' said my father. 'My work is over and I have to go back to a job in England. We'll find a good school for you back home.'

'It's a fine school here,' I said. Actually, it wasn't the school I was going to miss, but Anil and Kamal, and the pool and the bazaar. Would my father understand these things?

'Will we come back again?' I asked.

'I don't think so,' he said. 'It would interrupt your schooling. But there's nothing to prevent you from coming back when you've finished your studies.'

'But that'll be *years* from now....' And feeling disconsolate, I went up to my room, where I stared at

the wall for fifteen minutes until I heard Kamal coming up the steps.

I did not tell him the news immediately. We mounted my bicycle, riding double, and rode out of town until we reached the fringe of the jungle. Leaving the cycle in a lantana thicket, we scrambled down the hillside to the pool.

Anil was there already, floating on his back in the green translucent water, while a frog sat on the broad leaf of a water lily and croaked at him. It was only when all of us were in the water that I said: 'I'll be going away in a few days.'

'Lucky fellow!' said Anil. 'Is your father taking you to Delhi?'

'No, back to England,' I said.

Anil's mouth fell open, and he swallowed a lot of water and couldn't speak for a while.

Kamal had pulled himself up on a rock. 'I knew it couldn't last,' he said quietly, turning his face to the hills.





We joined him on the rock and considered the situation in silence. The only sounds were the splash of the stream and the warbling of the frogs. It was a drowsy afternoon; even the birds were quiet.

'Will you come back?' asked Anil.

'Some day,' I said. 'When I start making a living of my own, I'll come back—here,' I said, looking at the pool.

'This will be our meeting place,' said Kamal. 'We'll keep it a secret pool, always....'

'Don't look so downcast, you two,' said Anil. 'It won't be for ever. Laurie is sure to come back. Be happy, I say, be happy!'

He jumped into the pool and I jumped after him, determined to shake off the depression, but Kamal remained on the rock, his elbows resting on his knees, his chin cupped in his hands, his dreamy eyes gazing into the depths of the pool.

Anil's mother gave a small party for me two days before I left. Apart from Anil and Kamal there were other boys from the school.

For a while we were too interested in consuming the sweets which Anil's mother had made to perfection and we did not talk much about my departure. But after the plates had been emptied, there was much exchanging of

addresses, promises of postage stamps and postcards from abroad, and injunctions from Anil's mother to look after my health and to work hard and become a 'big man' one day. She presented me with a goodluck charm, a tiger's claw, which was supposed to ward off evil spirits. (I still have it with me.) Then, the party was over, and I walked home with Kamal, through the brightly lit bazaar, past the clock tower, down the dark avenue of mango trees and up the twentyone steps to my room.

Anil and Kamal were both

at the station to see me off. After I had helped my parents to settle into our compartment, I joined my friends on the platform. Ten minutes remained for the train to leave.

'We've brought you gifts,' said Anil, and he gave me a beautiful Kashmiri scraf, which had been embroidered by his mother.

Kamal said, 'I've a very simple present for you. It is a comb to remind you of the day we first met, when you bought one from me.'

'I'll keep it carefully,' I said, putting it away in my shirt pocket. 'I won't use it, in case it breaks!'

We stood apart from the bright platform, where sweet vendors, coolies, people late for the train, and people seeing their friends and relatives off, stray dogs and stray station masters, all pushed each other about. It was a happy confusion I had grown used to during my stay in India. These railway stations were always exciting places. The people, so different from one another, always fascinated me, but for once I was not interested in the crowds, only in the two faces in front of me.

The bell began to clang and a guard blew his whistle. We shook hands.

'Goodbye, Laurie,' said Kamal and Anil.

I left them on the platform, entered the compartment, and looked out of the window. The train had started moving, pulling slowly out of the station. Anil and Kamal moved along with it, walking at first, then breaking into a run.

Then they reached the end of the platform, and could follow the train no more, but they waved furiously and I waved back, and the train gathered speed and my friends went further and further away, two dark specks in the glow of the lighted station, and then only the station lights were visible, and soon these too were lost in the darkness, lost in the vast formless darkness of the country.

Dear Laurie.

I have waited for over a month before writing to you, because I knew you would be at sea all this time and now you must be busy settling down in your new school or college. Anil and I received the picuture postcards you sent us from Aden and Port Said and

Gibraltar. Anil says he will write to you very soon but, as you know, he is hopeless at writing letters.

After you left, I sat for my examinations a second time and at last I passed! Now, if you were here, we would have had a celebration in the chaat shop, or a picnic at the pool. I have gained admission to a college in Lucknow, so I will have to leave this place very soon. In Lucknow I may have to continue selling things in order to pay my fees. Anil is a little annoyed that I have passed, because now he will be left to himself and will have to look for new friends and, of course, that will be different.

We haven't been to the pool since you left, but yesterday I went there myself to take a last look at it. And do you know, Laurie, the pool had disappeared! The stream had changed its course and gone another way, and the bed of our stream was dry. There was no pool, only

sand and rocks. Even the buffaloes had gone.

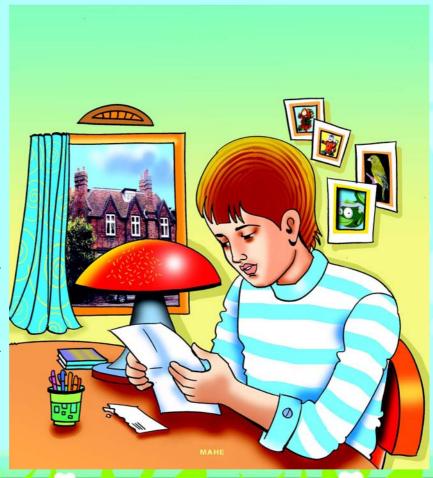
Anil says the pool has gone because you have gone. It was your discovery, remember.

He says that when you come back, the stream will start flowing again. That's like one of his mother's stories, but I hope it comes true.

Remember, you promised to come back to India one day. I know it will be many years before you can do so, but we will always be expecting you. Even if by then we are old men of seventy, with long white beards and hunched backs, we will have to meet again. And then we will go to the pool—and if it isn't there, we'll find another—and swim together as we did this past year.

But don't wait until we are all old, Laurie, otherwise we won't be able to reach the glacier again. Come back as soon as you can. The mountains are waiting for us.

Kamal



- By Rosscote Krishna Pillai

### NOVEMBER-BORN: C.V. RAMAN

ndia's first and only Nobel Laureate in science, Chandrasekhara Venkata Raman, was born on November 7, 1888 in Tiruchirapalli in South India. He was the second son of Chandrasekhara Ayyar, a teacher of physics and mathematics. He had his early education in Visakhapatanam and Madras. When he just turned 16, he qualified for the B.A. in physics from the Presidency College, Madras, with first rank and a gold medal. He got his M.A. in 1907 with the highest marks scored by anyone in physics from Madras University till then.

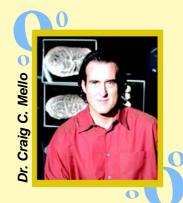
Young Raman possessing an inquiring mind had an insatiable quest for knowledge, especially physics dealing with sound and light. But to fulfil his father's wish, Raman took the Financial Civil Service competitive examination and stood first. He was posted as Assistant Accountant General in Calcutta in 1907. While attending to his official duties, he could pursue scientific investigations during his entire spare time in laboratories of the Indian Association for the Cultivation of Science till he was transferred to Rangoon in 1909. On Raman's return to Calcutta, Ashutosh Mukherji, Vice-Chancellor of Calcutta University, recognising his scientific acumen, appointed him Professor in the Palit Chair of Physics in 1917. There he relentlessly carried on his experimental and theoretical studies.

C.V.Raman's most famous discovery, which came to be known as the Raman Effect and which won for him the 1930 Nobel Prize in Physics, was made on February 28, 1928 using simple equipment costing only Rs.300. He discovered that when a beam of monochromatic light impinged on a transparent substance (like water), a fraction of the light was scattered in many directions and although most of the scattered light particles or *photons* were of the same wavelength as that of the incident light, a tiny fraction had a different wavelength. He found that this difference depended on the molecules of the transparent medium. Raman spectroscopy based on this discovery has found enormous uses in analytical studies in various branches of science.

C.V.Raman devoted his entire life to the promotion of science in India. After 15 years in Calcutta University, he moved over to Bangalore as Professor at the Indian Institute of Science in 1933 and later became its Director. In 1948, he founded the Raman Research Institute there and was its first Director. In 1924, the Royal Society of Britain elected him a Fellow (F.R.S.). The British Government honoured him with a Knighthood in 1929. The Government of India appointed him National Professor in 1948 and awarded him the highest civilian honour, Bharat Ratna, in 1954.

C.V.Raman passed away on November 21, 1970 at the age of 83.

### TO THE CURE OF KILLER DISEASES



his year's Nobel awardees in Physiology or Medicine are two American biologists, Dr. Andrew Z. Fire (47), Professor at the Stanford University School of Medicine, and Dr. Craig C. Mello (46), Professor at the University of Massachusetts Medical School. They have discovered a basic mechanism called RNA interference, to control the transfer of genetic information from DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid) in the nucleus of a cell by one form of RNA



(ribonucleic acid) called messenger RNA (mRNA) to the protein-making sites in the cell, silence the gene and block its protein-synthesis. The prize-winning discovery was published in *Nature* in 1998.

Proteins play important roles in all processes of life. In the process of protein-making, the genetic code of DNA, which determines how proteins are built, is copied to mRNA which conveys the information to the protein-making part of the cell.

To prevent protein-making, double-stranded RNA molecules designed to silence specific genes are introduced into the cell. The RNA interference machinery is activated to break down mRNA molecules with an identical genetic code. This method has uses in biology, agriculture and medicine; research work is in progress to apply it in treating virus infections, heart diseases, cancer and AIDS.

## IN COLLEGE EVEN AS A CHILD

One day in 1902. Presidency College in Madras, now Chennai. The English Professor, E. H. Elliot, entered the B.A. Class. He saw a young boy sitting in the front bench. Elliot thought, by mistake he had got into another class.

He asked the boy: "Are you studying in the B.A. class?"

"Yes, Sir," replied the boy.

Surprised, the teacher asked, "What's your age?" "Thirteen, Sir," came the answer.

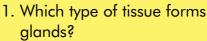
Elliot couldn't believe it. Stunned to the quick, he asked, "Where did you study for your F.A. (now called Pre-degree)?"

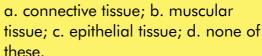
"In the A.V.N. Hindu College, Visakhapatnam, Sir," said the boy.

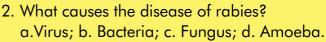
"Your name?" asked the Professor.

"C. V. Raman," came the ready reply.

### SCIENCE QUIZ







- 3. How many bones does an adult human body have?
  - a. 320; b. 65; c. 128; d. 206.
- 4. Which of the following is called a pandemic disease?
  - a. hepatitis; b. filariasis; c. influenza;
  - d. amoebic dysentery.

Answer: 1. c. Epithelial tissue, 2. a. Virus, 3. d.206, 4. c. Influenza.



#### A PAGE FROM INDIAN HISTORY

## THE IMPOSTER

hazni, the newly crowned King of Malwa, frowned as he looked out of the window. He could see a new structure coming up by the Sagar lake and realised that he had not ordered it to be built. Nor had his father, Hoshang Shah. Yet the workmen were at it in all seriousness, behaving as though their lives depended on it being built in time! "Must be that scoundrel Mahmud!" he muttered angrily. "I really have to do something about him."

Mahmud was the son of his father's minister and great friend Malik Mughith. Mahmud had always been a great favourite of Hoshang Shah and had been his constant companion. He was brave, loyal, competent and clever. So, the late king had bestowed on him a great deal of

MAHE

power. He had made Mahmud promise to serve the new king as loyally as he himself had served his father.

There had never been any love lost between the two from the time they were both young boys, because Ghazni was lazy, indolent, mean and incompetent, while Mahmud was good at everything. Ghazni had hated Mahmud fiercely from his childhood although he had always been clever enough to hide his feelings from his father. He tapped his feet impatiently now as he thought how best to get rid of him.

Mahmud guessed how Ghazni felt and tried not to come in his way. He disliked and despised the new king but felt that so long as he was bound by his promise to the dying old king, he had no choice but to serve Ghazni. It was a pity he was so worthless and did nothing to maintain the kingdom his father had built up so painstakingly... but there was nothing to be done! Mahmud knew he would not listen to any suggestion or advice from him.

Mahmud was riding along the Sagar lake when he found the palace he had ordered to be built being broken down. He was astonished. "What are you people up to?" he asked the workmen.

"His majesty has ordered us to pull it down".

"Are you sure?" he asked again.

"Yes. He said it must be razed to the ground before sunset," said the chief mason.

"Indeed!" said Mahmud. "Very well. Do as the king says." He turned back to go when one of the workmen stood before him. "Better be careful, sir," he said, "the king intents to kill you."

"How do you know that?"

"I heard him discuss with his friends when he came here this afternoon. He didn't see me as I was hidden by the bush there."

"Don't worry, I know how to look after myself," said Mahmud smiling, "and don't repeat what you have

### WHO BECAME KING

told me. I can't have you speaking ill of the king."

"I won't," said the workman, "but please be careful." All the people, like him, loved Mahmud.

Mahmud was on his guard from then and foiled several attempts on Ghazni's part to kill him. Ghazni posted people to stab Mahmud in the dark, to shoot him when he was looking the other way, and to mix poison in his food. Ghazni was quite desperate in his attempts and Mahmud began to wonder if he would be taken unawares some day and fall a victim to his plans. Finally came the night when Ghazni sent him an urgent invitation to dinner. Mahmud was on his guard and, when wine was being served, he deftly switched glasses with the king.

The poison mixed in the drink was a lethal one and Ghazni fell down dead. There was wild confusion as no one knew what exactly had happened. Mahmud's father, who was still loyal to Hoshang Shah's dynasty, was upset at Ghazni's death. "You broke your promise to the king," he told his son.

"I did it to save my own life," said Mahmud, "I would not have done it under any other circumstances. It was either him or me. I suspected the drink was poisoned but I was not sure."

After Ghazni's death Mahmud proclaimed himself the new ruler of Malwa. He had himself crowned with the royal crown of Hoshang Shah. The year was 1436. He also proclaimed that henceforth he would be known as Mahmud Shah Khalji. A new dynasty began. The crown passed from the Ghoris to the Khaljis. The new ruler was determined to do things in style. He ordered public prayers to be read in his name. Fresh coins bearing his inscription were minted. He also handed out robes and titles of honour to all his favourites. Everyone was happy with the new king.

Mahmud Shah Khalji might have been an imposter, but he had all the qualities of a good ruler. His long reign



of 33 years was mainly spent in extending his kingdom. It was under him that Malwa reached its height of glory. He conquered several small states including Bundi, Kotah, Biyana, Ranthambhor and Qurali. He also conquered Mandsore and Ajmere. He waged war against Rana Kumbha of Mewar and defeated him after a prolonged warfare. He built a lofty tower of victory at Mandu which was originally seven storeys high. But it is in ruins now.

Mahmud Khalji was a great patron of learning and founded many educational institutions (madrasas) in different parts of Malwa. The massive madrasa built by him at Mandu was named "Ashrafi Mahal". He spent a lot of his leisure hours listening to the memoirs and lives of great kings. His fame as a brave warrior and an intellectual spread all over the Islamic world. He was also fond of building and constructed a number of lofty monuments apart from the madrasas. It was he who put the finishing touches to the tomb of Hoshang Shah and the Jami Masjid. He also had his own tomb built.

Mahmud Khalji died in 1469 after a long and prosperous reign. - *Swapna Dutta* 

## HUNTED OUT

Presence what Emperor Akbar had in mind. He was dressed in tight clothes, ideally suited for a ride. In front of him, on the carpeted floor, lay gleaming swords and long spears with razor-sharp heads. The Emperor's eyes reminded Birbal of a killer on the prowl, of an eagle eyeing its prey, circling far above, preparing for the dive and the catch, of a lion stalking its prey.

Birbal bowed. The Emperor gave him a very casual nod. That, too, was understandable. For the Emperor's



head was filled with thoughts of an exciting hunt. Oh! How deftly he would raise the spear and hurl it at a fleeing deer and bring it down! How quick he would be while aiming the spear at a tiger that came bounding, targeting him!

"Oh! For a hunt!" the Emperor sighed.

Birbal wished he would be excused from the hunting party. He hated killing, except when it was unavoidable. Why should man go to the forest, chase animals leading their lives according to the laws of nature, corner them, kill them and exult in the act? That did not make sense.

But the Emperor had other ideas. The heads of tigers and antlers that decorated the walls of the Royal Court reminded Birbal of previous royal hunts.

Could he do something to cure the Emperor of his craving to hunt? He did not as yet have an idea on how to go about it. Nor did he know when he would get the chance to try his idea. But he knew he would soon get the idea and also a chance to try out his idea.

"Birbal, know what I plan to do?" the Emperor asked.

"I can't read minds, *Shahenshah*," a smile touched his lips.

"You clever rouge!" the Emperor burst into laughter. Birbal waited.

"It is a fine sunny day. The air is cool, too. Today is ideal for hunting. What do you say?" the Emperor fixed Birbal with a glance.

"Your wishes, Shahenshah, are my commands," Birbal used honey-sweet words to keep the Emperor in good mood.

"So you come with me?"

"I do what you tell me, *Alampana*. What makes you happy will make me happy, too," Birbal spoke a white lie.

"I know you don't enjoy a hunt. Take delight in it, Birbal," the Emperor paused and added, "I know you are mentally alert. How quick-witted you are! But are



you physically fit? I don't know. We'll know today when you come with me for the hunt," the Emperor gently patted Birbal on the back.

"Ji, *Huzoor*," Birbal bowed.

Birbal moved to a side room. He got into tight-fitting clothes and joined the Emperor. By then a few more courtiers, dressed for the sport, walked in.

An attendant helped the Emperor tie a leather waistband with a hold for the sheathed sword. The Emperor led the party. The courtiers formed the retinue. Soon the party reached the stables. A stable boy held the royal steed by the bridle. The saddle and the stirrups were in place. The horse swung its head and neighed when the Emperor scratched its neck before placing his foot on the stirrup and swinging with the agility of a cat on to the back of the horse. The courtiers found their horses, got on to them and held in the reins firmly.

The royal horse cantered before galloping off at a fast pace. The courtiers loosened the reins. They kept pace with the royal steed.

In about an hour, they reached the edge of the forest. The Emperor drew the reins in when he noticed a group of men awaiting his arrival. The horse came to a stop gracefully. The courtiers, too, reined in their horses.

The men were beaters. They knew every inch of the forest. They knew how to drive out wild animals from their dens and their lairs. They were armed with stout sticks. Some of them had huge drums and sticks to beat the loudest notes. These sounds scared the animals and made them run out of their safe nooks in panic.

The chief of the beaters came forward, bowed again and said, "Alampana! We're ready."

The Emperor smiled at him. Then he drew the sword out and tested it. He sheathed it, picked up the spear handed over to him by an attendant and gently tugged at the reins. The horse got the cue. It set out on a canter. The courtiers formed the retinue.

The loud beats of the drum echoed around. The birds left their safe perches and took to flight. A hyena crashed through the bushes and vanished into the depths of the forest. The royal party moved on. The drumbeats came closer. The hunting party moved towards an open space shaded by huge trees. A tiger bounded out into the open area, eager to get away from the loud drumbeats and the



men who produced the sound. Its eyes were glowing like burning embers. Its growls mixed with the din of the drumbeats.

Suddenly, the tiger saw the mounted men. It crashed to a stop, hesitated for a split second, snarled angrily when it sensed that it had been cornered. It could not retreat. It had to fight its way out. It crouched, bared its teeth and claws and suddenly bounced toward the Emperor who was at the head of the hunting party.

Emperor Akbar was watching every move of the animal. He raised the spear, quickly took aim and hurled it at the tiger with all the power he could command, while the tiger hurtled in space toward him. The spear found the mark. It drove itself in, into the wide-open mouth of the tiger. Its growl died in its throat. Blood gushed out while the tiger lost speed and crashed to the ground with a thud. Quickly the Emperor dismounted, drew the sword out of the sheath and ran to the tiger. But he did not have to use the sword. The tiger twitched a few times. Then it became still.

Emperor Akbar raised his sword in the air. The courtiers shouted, "Allah ho Akbar!"

An hour before dusk, the Emperor bagged another tiger. It was time to rest. The party retired to the banks of a mountain stream. The members of the party refreshed themselves, had sumptuous meals and waited for the royal command.

The Emperor bade them to return. "The green and the cool of the forest work wonders on me. I would spend some more time here," the Emperor turned to Birbal and asked, "Would you stay back and give me company?"

"Ji Huzoor," Birbal politely bowed.

The courtiers bowed to the Emperor and rode off.

Dusk fell. The Emperor and Birbal sat under a tree. They enjoyed the silence of the forest, disturbed only by the notes of the birds and animals.

Then came the hoots of two owls. The hoots continued alternately. Finally the Emperor said, half in jest, "We don't know the language of the owl. So we can't make out what they are saying. Maybe they are making fun of us."

Suddenly Birbal got a bright idea.

"Huzoor, I know their language and know what the two owls are discussing," Birbal purred softly.

20 Chandamama

"Impossible!" the Emperor had his doubts.

"Huzoor, want to know what they are debating?" Birbal locked glances with the Emperor.

"Tell me," the Emperor leaned back on the bole of the tree.

"They are discussing the matter of dowry. The groom's father wants 40 jungles in which there are no animals. The bride's father says he can only arrange for 20."

At that one of the owls hooted again.

"Huzoor, the bride's father says that if the groom's family is willing to wait for six more months, he would arrange for another 20 jungles without animals."

"How is that possible? No owl can get 20 forests cleared of wild animals. No never," the Emperor felt the statement absurd.

"The owl thinks you will help him," Birbal spat back.

"What do you mean?" the Emperor now sat bolt upright.

"Huzoor, the bride's father says that every time you set out to hunt, one forest or another gets cleared of all animals. He expects you to take to the hunt at least twenty

### **NUTRINE QUIZ-2 ANSWERS**:



1. b) Moh's scale, 2. b) 205

times in the next six months," Birbal kept his cool.

"Birbal!" the Emperor's voice rose sharply, but fell almost instantly. "You have created a fine fib. I get the message, too. Forests won't be forests if animals and trees and creepers and bushes are not around. I now see the folly of hunting down animals. I promise you, I shall not hunt again."

Birbal could not believe his ears. It was too good to be true. He was wondering how to thank the Emperor when the owl's hoot came in.

"What does the owl say, now?" the Emperor asked in a teasing tone.

"Alampana! The bride's father says he can't meet the demand, now that the Emperor has turned his back on hunting," Birbal replied with a straight face.

"You rogue!" the Emperor rocked with laughter.

- R.K. Murthi

### A 'TIMELY' REBUKE

Ram had just bought a grandfather clock from an antique shop.

"I can have it sent to your place for a nominal charge," offered the shopkeeper.

"No, thanks. My house is on the next street – hardly a couple of furlongs away. I can easily carry it," said Ram as he hefted the clock on to his shoulder.

But he soon found that this was easier said than done. It was a bulky, cumbersome thing that not only weighed

him down, but also hindered his vision! He found himself panting heavily as he staggered down the street, clutching his burden.

A sudden impact, followed by an "Ouch!" told him that the clock had struck – in quite an unconventional sense. He hastily turned around, to find that he had knocked an old man down on to the pavement.

As he helped the old man up with a muttered apology, the latter shouted, "You idiot! Why can't you just wear a wristwatch like everyone else?"





### THE NEGLECTED WIFE

hen Brahamadutta was ruling Banaras, Bodhisattva was born.

One day, the king became angry with his son and banished him from the kingdom. The prince left Banaras with his wife. They wandered in other lands for a long time suffering untold privations. On several occasions, the prince did not have a roof over his head. He had also to go without food. His faithful wife shared all the hardships without a word of complaint.

As time passed, King Brahmadutta died. On learning the news, the prince thought he could now return to Banaras, and ascend the throne. So he and his wife started for Banaras, travelling day and night. In his anxiety to reach the capital as quickly as possible, he forgot to look after his wife's comfort. He forced her to walk as fast as he did and even to go without food and sleep as much as possible.

Though he was anxious to reach Banaras, he could not desist from eating. One day, the couple reached a village in a state of great hunger. One of the villagers took pity on them and asked the prince to go with him to his house. Asking his wife to rest under a tree, he went with the villager. He gave the prince a parcel of food which would be enough for two. On his way back the prince thought, 'This food is sufficient for the two of us. I don't know when and where we'll get our next meal. And Banaras is still very far off. It is more important that I reached Banaras. My wife need not hurry to get there, Even otherwise, she is being a hindrance to me. If not for her, I would have gone much farther by now. I must manage to eat all this food myself.'

With his mind full of such mean thoughts, the prince returned to where his wife was resting. "Here's some food," he told her. "You start walking; I shall catch up with you after my ablutions."

Believing him, she wearily walked ahead. The prince ate all up all the food. He then made a bundle of the leaves in which the food had been packed and caught up with his wife.

"Look at the mischief," he told her showing

#### **A JATAKA TALE**

the packet. "That rascal has fooled us with an empty parcel. There's no food in it."

His wife said nothing, but she could guess what might have happened. After some more days, they arrived in Banaras. The prince was duly crowned the king. Though she had shared all his hardships, he did not feel it necessary to share his happiness with his queen.

She was totally neglected by the king.

Bodhisattva, who had become the king's counsellor, noticed the state of affairs. One day, he went to see the queen who received him with due courtesy.

"After coming into good times, the king distributed gifts to all of us," he said. "But I'm yet to get anything from the hands of the queen!"

"Sir," she said pitifully, "I'm queen only in name. There's very little difference between me and the palace maids. I had dutifully shared all his misfortunes, but it looks as though I don't have the right to have a share of his fortune." She went on to narrate to the counsellor how, on their way to Banaras, the prince had robbed her of her share of food. "Even now," she said, "the king does not care to enquire whether I have had my food, what clothes I'm wearing, and so on."

"Don't worry, your highness," Bodhisattva

said, seeing that she was in tears. "I've suspected this much. I came here only to know the truth from you. Let's repeat our conversation tomorrow in the court. I'll see that the king doesn't neglect you any more."

The next day, the queen was present at the court. Bodhisattva remarked in the full court that the queen had no thoughts for the poor since she became the queen.

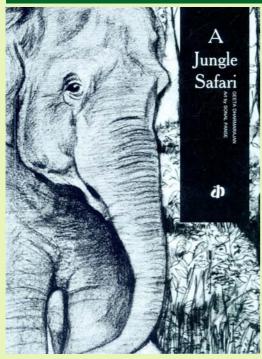
Then the queen told the court all that she had told the counsellor the previous day. The king felt ashamed when she revealed how he had robbed her of her share of food while they were returning to Banaras.

"If the king is neglecting you," Bodhisattva told her, "there's no reason why you should stay with him. The scriptures tell us: Leave one who had left you. Do not make friends with him. You need not be nice to any one who frowns at you. Birds leave the fruitless tree and seek other trees. The world is wide. So, you can go out into the world and seek those who will be considerate to you."

Hearing this, the king left the throne and fell at Bodhisattva's feet. "O wise counsellor! Don't put me to shame!" he begged. "I shall henceforth treat my wife with respect. I apologise for what I have done."



#### **BOOK REVIEW**



## A FASCINATING ACCOUNT

A Jungle Safari, by Geeta Darmarajan, Art by Sonal Panse, Katha, New Delhi, Rs 60

visit to a wildlife sanctuary is indeed a pleasurable experience packed with excitement and sometimes adventure. A JUNGLE SAFARI makes an attempt to create the aura of wonder and thrill that accompanies such a trip. The book describes in a vibrant manner the movement of a tame elephant with a mahout and some children atop, through trees, tall grasses, undergrowth, lantana bushes... the wonted track in forest terrain.

Written in a lucid, flowing style to capture and sustain interest, the book has also an arresting metaphor or two. The

tiger is described as "humungous" and the dictionary defines "humongous" as extraordinarily large, huge or monstrous which detracts from the regal beast, its indefineable awesomeness which in all probability contributed to the tribute paid to the tiger by Jim Corbett who called him a "gentleman". It is common knowledge that not all tigers are maneaters and, therefore, what is implied in the sentence, "Luckily we were on the elephant ...same one that you are on now...if not for her, we would be inside the tiger's stomach now...Food for a week!" offers much food for thought as well.

Many days in succession over a decade and more have we driven through as well as gone on elephant rides into the Mudumalai Sanctuary roads and avenues and we had not been fortunate to see a tiger. So Gopan's claim, "Anyone can see a tiger" leaves one speculating as to whether in recent years, tigers have become that proliferate. On the other hand, the gaur, either alone or in herds, one seldom fails to see, and so Gopan's remark, "If you're lucky you will see a gaur" could leave a reader puzzled.

No doubt in a wildlife sanctuary, "It's the expecting to see that's exciting", but can one truly assert that "In a forest, it isn't the seeing that's important." To a child a safari is a futile quest if all that hype and hush does not yield to view some denizen of the wild in its natural habitat. I have seen the disappointment writ large on eager, expectant faces.

"Fascinating facts on Mudumalai and the Gaur" has a couple of printers devils. The total reserve area of Mudumalai is about 321 sq. km. And the barasingha found in the forested areas of Karnataka and Assam is a twelve-horned deer and not a gaur as reported.

Certainly a book that would fascinate children interested in wildlife and especially the gaur... and more gaur.

- Kalyani Davidar



### **STUDENT RECEIVES ROYALTY**

The National Council of Educational Research and Training (NCERT), New Delhi, paid royalty to a Class 10 student for the first ever time after including her 'travelogue' in one of its text-books. U.B.Maya wrote the piece after she accompanied her father when he - a headmaster - was transferred to another place. The narration of the sights she saw en route and her experiences was published in Eureka, a children's magazine in Malayalam published from Kerala. The NCERT reproduced this article in the text-book and paid a royalty of Rs 3,000 to the young author. When Maya wrote the article, she was a student of Class 6.

### **GUINNESS RECOGNITION**

ishchal Naryanan is only eleven. He has already gained an entry in the *Guinness Book of World Records*. He was shown 225 objects at random in the presence of 15 eminent judges. Without taking a second look at them, he repeated them in the correct order. He broke the record of his own teacher, Jayasimha Ravirala, who had succeeded in memorizing 200 objects in December 2005. A Class 6 student of Geetanjali School, Hyderabad, Nishchal created the record on August 20. One of his other achievements is a 6-volume book.



### **COMICS AGAINST ALCOHOLISM**

axman Singh Negi of Mehalchuri village in Uttaranchal is only 12 years old. In September, he was taken to Geneva to take part in the meeting of the United Nations Committee on the Rights of the Child. He was witness to his friend being beaten by his alcohol addict father. Laxman depicted the incident in comics and exhibited it at the women's social organisation in the village. Result: not only his friend's father, but all other men in the village took a vow not to get addicted to alcohol. Plan India, a non-governmental organisation, made the boy talk on prohibition from various platforms and helped his participation in the Geneva conference on "Speak, Participate and Decide—the Child's Right to be Heard". Laxman had earlier "authored" a comics titled Bhed Bhav on the discrimination of girls against boys, which is reported to have created an impact on the villagers.

### CHILDREN'S PAGES

# THE BOUGAINVILLEA PLANT

t was January! The sweet smell of spring was wafting in the air. It has been years since I had left my village in pursuit of a new dawn. And as I walked along the road I once ran along holding a kite, I tried to inhale as much air of my village as possible.

Wherever I looked, there was a riot of regeneration. Marigolds, phloxes and pinks dominated gardens. But as I ran my eyes over the flowers, something else caught my eyes.

A cluster of bougainvilleas.

And something, a damp memory of words spoken and unspoken, resurfaced vividly.

Soumya wasn't my friend. Partly because he was one year older than I; partly because he wasn't in my class either. He was illiterate. But he was more than a friend to me. I don't know whether it was while he was teaching me how to fly a kite or while I was teaching him how to read and write, when we had become inseparable.

He taught me fishing and showed me how to climb tall trees. He taught me how to take care of plants. He taught me to love nature. "When your plant flowers," he used to say, "it means you're happy and smiling.

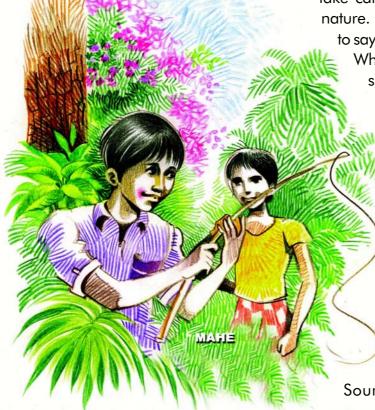
When it fades, you're sad." It was such simple beliefs with which he lived on.

We were destined to plod different paths. My family shifted their base to a town far away. We had to depart. But I had taken a bougainvillea plant to be raised

in our new home; I planted it for Soumya. I would care for it and when spring came, I would remember each other in the budding flower, as we had promised.

Like many of my other promises, I had not kept that.

My feet dragged me to where Soumya lived. Surprisingly, I wasn't



### **DID YOU KNOW?**



Some 55 per cent of normal people yawn within five minutes of watching someone else yawn! One is also prompted to yawn if he or she reads about someone yawning.

India's largest selling sweets and toffees.

surprised to find out that they no longer lived there. I asked the neighbours about their whereabouts. But no one knew.

Fortunately, I met an old weather-beaten face I had known before. The old man was very fond of Soumya.

Though he could not recognise me, he disclosed that they had migrated elsewhere in search of work. Where, he could not remember despite his honest efforts. "You're a friend of his?" said the old man. "Could you do a thing for him?"

Without waiting for an answer, he went into the room, shuffled his little belongings, went to the backyard, and came out with a crumpled piece of paper and a bougainvillea plant.

"He had requested me to raise this plant. But I'm an old man. I forget to water it. The plant has dried up. But it is his child. Do take it. And he also gave me a letter to post. Could you post it for me?"

Suddenly, I had difficulty in speaking. There was a knot in my throat. But I accepted both the plant and the letter. I found, the letter was addressed to me and was written by a hand not accustomed to writing. It went:

Dear friend,

This is my first and may be the last letter to you. Because we are moving. As I don't know where we'll get work, I can't tell you my address. And I can't take your

bougainvillea, too. It has grown big. I hope mine, too, has.

You haven't written to me. But I know that you are busy. I'll write to you later.

Your friend, Soumya.

Below was written an address long expired. I thought of the many letters lying in the dead letter box.

I cradled the dry bougainvillea and the letter and left the village.

Three springs later, as I looked at the flowering bougainvillea crouching over my window fence, I thought that somewhere Soumya had smiled.



Chandamama November 2006

### THE RACE

he school sports day was nearing. Just a week more left! I was beginning to think that the 10th of September will never arrive. This time I was practising really hard. I have to win the 3km race this time by all means. My classmate, Naresh Kumar, has been winning it for three consecutive years. But this time he won't. "The cup is mine this time," I told Anita firmly.

"How are you so sure?" Anita asked me, absent-mindedly buttering the apple instead of the bread.

"Because I've been practising so hard," I said.

"So what? Everybody is practising quite hard. Maybe, you didn't see Naresh Kumar practise in the scorching sun the other day. He runs so well, I thought he could beat P.T. Usha!" said Anita.

"Anita, why don't you support me instead of that Naresh Kumar?"

"I'm not supporting anyone. I'm just saying what I feel."

"Okay, okay, I don't want any more arguments. I'll meet you at my house at sharp five, and together we'll go to the park and practise running 'cause I want the cup."

"And you'll practise long jump with me?" said Anita.

Anita was my best friend from as long as I could remember. Just like I was good in running, she was good in leaping, She could leap like a grasshopper, I mean way higher



Naresh was one.

Five more days to go for the School Olympics! (That's how we called it.) I spent long hours on the school sports ground. I would keep running from one point to another, covering exactly 800m. I was sure that the 3 km event won't take place in the school; I decided to enquire with the school sports coach, Mr.Venkatesh. "Sir, where is the race going to be held?" I asked him.

"So that you could practise, eh? All right, I'll tell you. You guys will start from Element Street and finish at Airport Road."

And I started practising, pretending that this point was Element Street and running to the other point, Airport Road. I suddenly saw this scene: there was Naresh Kumar running just like me, from one point to another as fast as he could and Mr. Venkatesh shouting, "You can do it Naresh, you can do it, my boy! I'm sure you'll win this time, too!!"



I felt very bad. He never said so to me. After Naresh's practice time was over, I told the coach to watch my running, "Good try! But Naresh is faster than you! He'll win the cup this time, too, I'm very sure."

I felt my heart breaking. I could feel tears trickling down my cheeks. On my way back home, I met Anita. "Why a long face, Amrita?"

I wept and poured out the whole story to her. "Amrita, look, anybody could be a winner; a loser today could be a winner tomorrow and vice versa. So winning isn't in our hands. All you can do is, you must try your best! And do you know what? I think Naresh is over-confident and over-confidence is not good. He thinks the cup is made for him and that he'll get it no matter what. I am sure you'll get the cup if you try your best," Anita consoled me with a pat.

The 10th of September arrived after many hours of practice. The D-day started with prayers. The Juniors had their races first, like the spoon-and-lemon race and book-balancing race. Anita and I watched the races with full enthusiasm, cheering aloud (just for the sake of it). Then came the grand 3km race. We were at the starting

line doing the warm ups.
But where was Naresh?
He was supposed to be here! I kept Naresh out of my mind and decided to concentrate on the race.
Suddenly, there was the shrill cry of the whistle. I was off like a cheetah! I ran really fast. I had never run like that before. My hands were swinging to and fro, my tongue thrusted out like that of a thirsty dog,

my legs were scurrying faster than those of a squirrel.

I took a peep behind my shoulders. I was leading! I ran and ran and ran, when at a point I felt breathless. I needed water! But I didn't stop a bit, I kept on going. I felt I might die without water, but still I didn't stop, I just went on and on. I looked behind, I was still leading! And then I saw the red finishing tape and I could hear my classmates shouting, "Go Amrita! You can do it!" I could now hear them saying, "You did it, Amrita!" After that I couldn't recognize anything. Then I saw Anita coming into the room. "Congratulations, Amrita! You won the race!!"

"Thanks. Where's my cup?"

"It's with the sports coach. He's outside. Shall I call him in?"

"Sure." The next moment, the coach walked in and he handed me a big, gleaming, golden cup. "Congrats, Amrita! Are you all right now?" he asked me.

"Yes," I replied weakly. "But Anita, tell me, where was Naresh?"

"Don't know. Maybe sick with overconfidence! I told you, over-confidence isn't good!" she joked. - Malavika Nair(11) Delhi Public School. Ahmedabad



### RTUES AND VICES



to a function. After the formalities were completed, the king spoke: "It has been my desire since long to honour our great dancer Vasantha Malini in an appropriate manner. We have read about the beautiful dances of the divine Urvasi, Rambha and others. But even those dancers are no match to our own dancing queen Vasantha. We are indeed fortunate to be alive to see the most dazzling and mesmerizing dances of Vasantha....!" Scarcely had the king completed his sentence, when there was an uproar from

ing Dheersingh was the ruler of Kanchanpuri. He was a patron of arts, music and dance. There were many poets, artists, and singers in his court. The jewel among them was Vasantha Malini, the court dancer. Hailing from a very simple and poor family, she had a passion for classical dance right from her childhood. She practised it to perfection and became an accomplished dancer. She would often keep the audience enthralled with her superb performance. In fact, Dheersingh was proud of having her as his court dancer. He was looking for an opportunity to bestow her with awards. The birthday celebrations of Queen Yamini Devi were to take place during the month of Shravan and the king desired to honour Vasantha Malini during the celebrations.

by the remarks of the king, when one artiste stood up. "I beg your pardon for interfering, sire!" said he. "No doubt, you're a connoisseur of classical dance. However, in your magnanimity, you have put her on a pedestal. Your comparison of an ordinary

dancer like Vasantha to Urvasi and Rambha

the audience. Vasantha Malini was overtaken

When his desire was made public, the

citizens were happy. However, the other artistes at the court became jealous of Vasantha Malini who was to get a special honour. They could not relish the idea of a woman from a poor family getting special honours and gifts from the king.

On the evening of the queen's birthday, all the courtiers and the public were invited



is an insult to the heavenly angels. Really, I am ashamed to be an artiste in this court."

There was a stunned silence in the court. Even the king did not expect such an outburst from one of the co-artistes. One more artiste, emboldened by his predecessor's act, stood up and said: "Vasantha Malini's performance is below average. To bestow her with special honours and gifts is an insult to all of us. It is because of our sin in our previous birth that we are here to witness a dancer like Vasantha being honoured by no less a person than our king."

The king was pained to hear such unpalatable remarks coming from the coartistes in his court. At that time, the court jester Gangadhar Shastri stood up and said: "Your majesty! Just now we heard about insults, shame, fruits of the sins in the previous birth suffered by our artistes from their own mouths. I'm not sure of those things, but I'm certain about one thing. Vasantha Malini must have committed both virtuous deeds and sins in her previous birth."

The king chuckled to himself. "Shastri!

Don't talk in riddles! Explain what you want to convey!"

Sashtri replied: "Sire! It's because of her virtuous deeds in the past that Vasantha is destined to be born in our kingdom and that she is about to be honoured by you!"

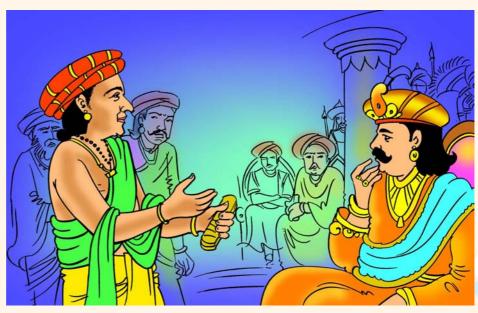
After a pause, he continued: "It's because of her sins in

the past that she is born in such a place where her own co-artistes, instead of feeling proud about their fellow artiste being honoured, entertain jealous and malicious thoughts about her."

"Well said, Shastri!" boomed the king, as he turned towards the artistes. "As Shastri pointed out rightly, you should feel proud that one of your own colleagues is being honoured for her meritorious performance. You should look upon this as an honour shown to one and all of you. Instead, you have chosen this happy occasion to give vent to your meanness and envy towards her. I am ashamed of having you all in my court."

The king then asked his queen to hand over the special gifts to Vasantha Malini. In fact, he had arranged gifts for the other artistes, too. They were distributed to them by none other than Vasantha Malini. Thus they were made to eat a humble pie by having to receive their gifts from the hands of one whom they loathed.

- G.J. Joshi (14), St. John Church High School, Hyderabad



### A MATTER OF COMPLEXION

ila was frustrated. She could not tolerate her classmates teasing her any longer. The problem was her dark complexion.

Lila was a 13-year-old girl with jet-black long hair which she used to plait. She was not very tall, and a little on the plump side. Whichever school she went to, her classmates teased her. She had left the previous school last year for the same reason.

Every day Lila used to come back from school crying. Her mother tried to console her saying that her skin colour is god-gifted and that nobody could change it, however desperate one would be; it was her inner beauty and talents that mattered, not her external appearance. She made no attempt to make friends in her new school for fear of remarks.

Lila was an excellent chess player. When her teacher discovered her talent, she selected her for an inter-class match. Lila, too, was eager to prove herself.

She practised day and night for the match. To improve her performance, she played with her father every evening after he returned from office. Her mother was extremely happy that Lila at last had some distraction from her problem.

Finally, the day of the match arrived. Lila felt very nervous, as it was for the first time she was representing her class. Her classmates got a chance to tease her.

Nupur, the class bully, said, "Lila, there

is still time, you can withdraw from the match. Please spare us the embarrassment." Everybody started laughing at that comment.

Lila felt very sad. Their teacher, who overheard the conversation, scolded them. "Girls, why are you bullying Lila? If I see you discouraging or upsetting her, I'm going to punish you all severely. Lila, now go and get ready, and you all go back to your seats, immediately!"

The match began. There was cheering everywhere. Though no one supported Lila, she still played very well and won the match.



Her teacher praised her and she was now chosen for the interhouse match. Some of the girls were impressed by her performance. They apologised for misbehaving with her. In the next inter-house match, there were more girls to applaud her. Lila once again won the match by some fabulous moves.

The following day she was told by her teacher that she was to represent the school in the inter-school match which would be held a month afterwards. Lila was a bit nervous. Her teacher could guess what was going on in her mind. She patted her back and said, "I know you can do it." That was enough to make her feel more confident.

She had already started preparing for the match. Still, when the D-day arrived, she did not feel a bit confident.

As the match was about to start, the two participants were called on to the stage and they were lustily cheered by the audience. Lila realised that her opponent was Rajani from a school in Chennai. One look at her and Lila was shocked. It was her complexion that startled her. Rajani was darker than her.

Soon the match began. Lila could not concentrate on her match as she kept on looking at Rajani who was playing black. Lila was also amazed by the support Rajani was getting from the crowd. Lila was confused. The person sitting in front was deftly moving her black coins. She was playing very confidently without being

bothered by anything, the least bit by her complexion.

All the remarks which her classmates would make came into Lila's mind. And she thought how much she had cried for having a dark complexion.

Suddenly, she heard Rajani shout, "Check and mate!"

Rajani had won the match! Rajani's friends lifted her in the air. Lila was dumbfounded. Rajani came forward and shook hands with Lila. "You know, Lila, you could have easily won the match. Something was disturbing you, I could see."

"Yes, it was your complexion. Doesn't it bother you?" asked Lila point blank.

"I used to be teased by my classmates," said Rajani, "but I realized that I could do nothing about it, and I could do a lot with my talents which my classmates lacked. Try to overcome all such petty hurdles in life. All the best for the future!" Rajani then joined her friends who were waiting to celebrate.

Lila had learnt an important lesson of her life.

- Nandita Menon (14) St. Thomas School, New Delhi

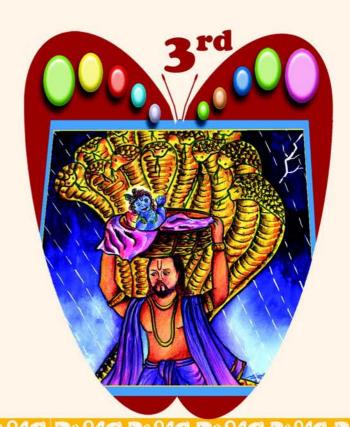




Gajanan A. Yadao (16) Yavatmal Maharashtra

Preethi M. Shet (13) Sri Vidhya Mandir Vyalikaval, Bangalore





This page and the facing page show the prize-winning paintings of the 2006 competition.

The prizes are lst: Rs 300; IInd: Rs 250;

IIIrd: Rs 200; Consolation prizes: Rs 150 each.

We congratulate the prizewinners.



S. Vibha (5) Kendriya Vidyalaya Bangalore



Monideepa Rana (12) 24 Paraganas West Bengal



S.I. Prinitha (11)
St. Peter's Grammar School
Secunderabad

### MEENA'S DOLL

eena lived in Chitrapur. She was clever, good-natured and a sweet girl. Her parents were very affectionate to her. Today she was excited, as her brother was coming from America to be with her on her birthday. He was bringing her a pretty American doll.

Meena went to the airport with her parents to receive her brother. The plane was late by two hours. When Meena's brother met them, she jumped for joy. While they were going home, her brother was telling them about his college, and life in the American University. Meena had already made up her mind to become an engineer, and go abroad for higher studies.

When she went to bed, she was dreaming about her future college. She was

a bright student, always scoring good marks.

Next day was her birthday. She received many nice gifts, but the best of all was the beautiful American doll that her brother gave her. That pretty doll had golden hair and a green dress. She closed and opened her eyes as Meena moved her up and down. It was an unusual doll, different and much better than any other doll. It was only natural that Meena wanted to show the doll to her friends.

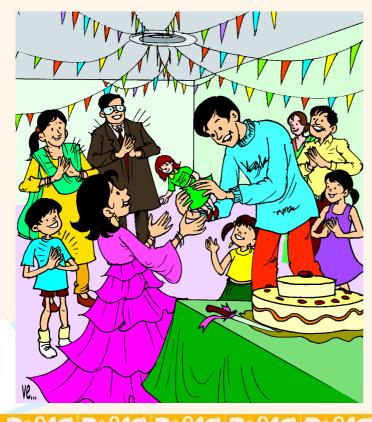
So, she put the doll into her school bag. She could not concentrate on what the teachers were saying in the class. Her mind was totally with the doll sleeping in her bag. The history teacher noticed that Meena was not attentive in the class, and was day-

dreaming. So she scolded her. Meena was upset, and she quietly touched the doll. She felt that she had pressed some button.

Just then the bell rang. Next was the Geography class. The teacher had entered. She had brought cuttings and pictures of earthquakes, and she began to teach the children about earthquakes.

But Meena was only thinking of her doll, and secretly looking at her in between. The teacher was surprised to see that the ever bubbling, curious, and enthusiastic Meena was very quiet today. She had not raised even a single question.

Just before the third period began, the wall trembled slowly. Nobody



noticed it at first; then the whole building shook very fast and the wall collapsed. The children could not go out.

Meena was very scared. She held her doll close, and the doll began to talk in a loud voice: "If there is an earthquake, try to go out first. If that is not possible, then slide under a table, a desk, or cot, and keep your hands on the neck." Meena suddenly realised that the teacher's words had been recorded in the doll. So, the doll could repeat what was recorded in its machine. Meena pressed the button again, and she began to shout, "Earthquake! Earthquake!!"

The loud voice of the doll reached the people and rescue workers. They knew that the children had been trapped below the debris. They rushed with help, and all the children in Meena's class were saved.

All her classmates thanked Meena for saving their life. But Meena said, the credit should go to the doll. Her brother congratulated Meena and said, " If you had not told the doll to repeat' earthquake, earthquake', it would not have been possible to locate all of you."



Meena was very happy. She thanked her brother once again for the doll who had saved all her friends. Her brother told her that if she studied well, then for her next birthday, he would present her with a computer. On hearing this, Meena danced for joy.

- Yashashree S. Patil (11)

Sheeladevi Shinde Sarkar High



Customer: Waiter! There's a fly in my

ice-cream.

Bearer: Don't worry, sir,

it will die of cold.

**Patient:** Sister, will the doctor stitch up the wound well?

**Nurse:** Don't worry, he was a tailor before he became



**Krupa:** It's raining outside. **Kokila:** Have you ever seen it raining inside?

School, Kolhapur (Maharashtra)



- Kokila K. Pande Hyderabad

# THE MAGIC OF THE FLUTE

he headmaster of Nutunga School looked at the wall-clock in his office.

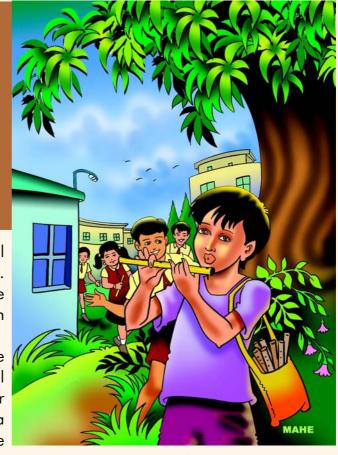
1 p.m. Time for the lunch break. But he did not hear the bell. Had the peon forgotten to ring the bell? he wondered.

Suddenly, the sweet notes from a flute were heard. Almost simultaneously, the bell rang. The children ran out to enjoy their recess. Quite a few of them surrounded a nine year old boy standing below a tree inside the school compound. He was Radhu the flute-seller.

He used to come to the school every day during lunch time. The moment he began playing the flute, the peon would automatically know that it was time to ring the bell. He did not have to check the time on the clock. This had become a habit for both of them.

The music from Radhu's flute had by now drawn many fans among the children. Some would even share their tiffin with him. This was not appreciated by some of the teachers; Mr.Patra, class teacher of Class IV, for one. He feared, the flute-seller was spoiling the children, besides creating nuisance. He complained to the headmaster.

He went up to Radhu, and shouted to the children to go back to their classrooms.



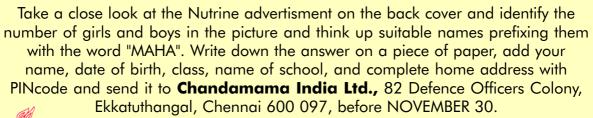
When they were out of sight, he angrily told Radhu, "Go away! And don't come into the school again!"

Radhu kept away from the school for some days. The peon began missing him, though he took extra care not to miss ringing the noon bell. The children were sad as they were now denied the music from Radhu's flute and also his company at least for a few minutes every day.

One day, as if a miracle has happened, the familiar strains from the flute were heard. Simultaneously, the lunch hour bell also went. The children rushed out, many of them making a bee-line to where Radhu stood. Today he met with a good sale of flutes. He was also demonstrating how to play the flute.

Mr.Patro did not like the return of the flute-seller. He went and brought the

### **NUTRINE CONTEST-2**



An attractive prize\* awaits you.

India's largest selling sweets and toffees.

\*Conditions apply

headmaster. On seeing him, the crowd of students suddenly melted. In the presence of the few who still lingered, the headmaster slapped Radhu hard. He was stunned for a minute. Tears ran down his cheeks.

The headmaster was taken aback. Was he too rash in punishing the boy? He pulled out his purse and offered a crisp note to Radhu, but he politely refused to take it. "Sir, I was once a student of this school in Class 3 when my parents died in a road accident. I could not continue my studies, as I was their only son, and there was none whom I could depend on. I faced a life of

poverty, that's why I decided to become a flute-seller. Sir, somehow I can't forget my school, and I love to make friends with the children. That's the only attraction which brings me here. How can I keep myself away from the school? But if you feel that I am becoming a nuisance, I shall go away."

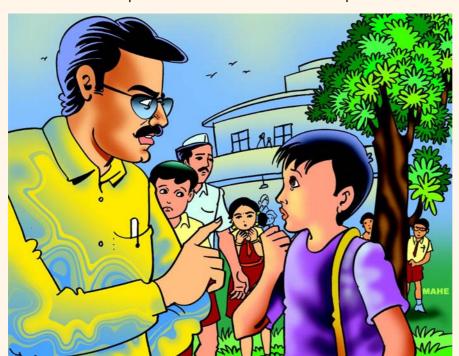
The headmaster was dumbfounded as he listened to Radhu. He looked at Mr.Patro who was also speechless. He turned to Radhu.

"I'm sorry, my boy. I shouldn't have been angry with you. Don't think you're an orphan. We shall look after you. You must

continue your studies. Come back tomorrow, you will be admitted to Class 4."

Next day, at the assembly, the head-master saw a flute protruding from Radhu's pocket. He asked Radhu to play a prayer song before the assembly started. In fact, it became a routine in the school.

- Rajat Kumar Tripathy (14) Zilla School Balasore, (Orissa)



### CAGED PARROTS

am and Shyam were friends. Ram was a farmer while Shyam was engaged in business. It so happened that Shyam once incurred heavy losses. Generally, he would not seek help from anyone under any circumstances. But the heavy losses in business virtually crippled him and so, out of sheer desperation, he went to Ram seeking help.

Without any hesitation, Ram gave away a piece of land to him and told him that he could give it back later. Shyam started tilling the land. To his great surprise, he found a him the next day. That night, Ram met the village chief secretly.

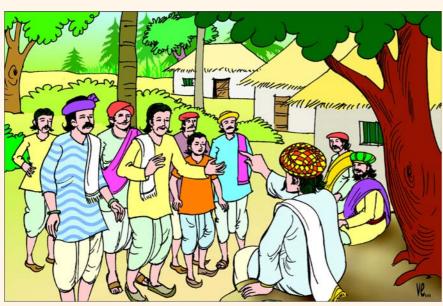
"My friend is very upright and honest. Normally, he would not accept any help from anyone. Because of the loss he sustained, he reluctantly agreed to take my land. But I thought this alone was not sufficient. So, I took the ornaments of my wife Sushila and daughter Sangeetha with their consent and buried them in the land given to Shyam. I request you to deliver a judgement in his favour tomorrow."

The chief was greatly impressed with the noble act of Ram.

The next day, the chief stated that the treasure should belong to Shyam as the owner of the land. Shyam accepted the verdict reluctantly. He then went home and discussed the matter with his family. It was decided to plant saplings of rare fruit trees instead of raising rice or wheat. Shyam asked his son Aditya to sell the ornaments and buy

saplings of rare and valuable varieties of fruit-bearing trees.

The next day, Aditya set out towards the nearest town. He was not only honest like his father, but very generous and compassionate. On the way, he saw a man carrying a big cage with beautiful parrots. He said they belonged to a rare variety and would fetch a good price in the market. On seeing the birds, Aditya's heart was filled



bronze pot containing gold ornaments. Being a straight forward man, he immediately reported the matter to Ram and handed the treasure to him. Ram refused to take it saying that after he had given away his land to him, the treasure or whatever the land contained rightly belonged to him. Shyam did not agree. Both of them went to the chief of the village panchayat and requested him to settle the issue. He asked them to meet

with compassion. He detested the very idea of caging those beautiful birds and depriving them of their freedom. He forgot the purpose of his visit to the town. He offered to buy the parrots in exchange for the ornaments, to which the other man readily agreed. As soon as he got the cage, he opened the door and set the birds free. His heart leapt with joy on seeing the parrots flying off.

Though he was proud of his act, he was sorry that he had spent his father's property without his consent. So, he did not want to return home. Instead, he decided to take up a job in the town and raise money to compensate the value of the ornaments. He got a decent job with a rich merchant. He sent a message to his father explaining what happened and his intention to return home only with money. He worked hard for nearly two years and saved enough money. Finally, one fine day, he returned home.

He saw his father talking with his friend Ram. On seeing his son, Shyam ran to him and hugged him affectionately. "My son! You did us proud by your noble act. Don't ever regret the loss of ornaments. You need not buy any saplings either! Do you know what happened in the few days after you left? A group of parrots landed on our field and spread seeds of delicious fruit trees. They kept on coming with different varieties of seeds which they liberally spread. As a result, some of the finest and rarest fruit-bearing trees have grown in our field. Take a look at them! Everyone calls our garden Brindavan."

"Wonderful!" said Aditya. "I guessed that day itself that they were no ordinary parrots. They must be heavenly birds which have returned the help I did to them! Anyway, our dream of raising an orchard with valuable trees is fulfilled. I'm really glad!"

"I would like to say something!" intervened Ram. "Shyam! From the day my daughter heard of the noble act of Aditya, she has been attracted to him and has expressed a desire to marry him. Of course, it's our wish as well. If only you agree...!"

"Why not?" said Shyam. "Nothing would give us greater pleasure than having your daughter Sangeetha as our daughter-in-law! What do you say, Aditya?"

Aditya nodded his head. Just then, the chief of the village came in. "Excellent! You two were very good friends till today! Now, that bond will get further strengthened! Sangeetha and Aditya would make a wonderful pair!"

- Surabhi Srivastav (14), Nandh Vikas Vidhyalay, Gorakhpur





## A LESSON FOR THE EMPEROR-AND FOR ALL

n A.D. 2nd century, Rome was ruled by a highly capable emperor, Hadrian. That was a time when a man in power could wander alone, without much care for security. One day, at noon, while riding through a village, the young emperor saw an old man, stooping under a hot sun, planting saplings of some fruit trees.

The emperor stopped. "My good citizen," he asked, "how old are you?"

"I'm not sure, but certainly about a hundred years!" said the villager, recognizing the monarch and bowing to him.

"I pity you; didn't you labour sufficiently in your youth to provide for yourself at this age?" asked the emperor.

"I have spent my life working on my good earth as efficiently as I could and the good earth has never been unkind to me. I hope, I have enough to live upon till God signals me to quit."

"Fine, but why on earth must you plant trees at the age of hundred? Do you hope to live till they yield fruit which you can enjoy?" asked the emperor, not without a touch of contempt in his tone.

"My good lord, this land I bought in my youth had a number of trees that gave me fruit all my life, me. I plant these trees so that others after me can enjoy their fruit. I have no greed for the fruit, only in growing them.

In any case, I won't be

In any case, I won't be surprised even if I be one of those to enjoy them and – God willing – I may even make a gift of a basketful of them to my emperor!"

Emperor Hadrian laughed. "I wish you well, my venerable friend!" he said and galloped away.

A few years later the emperor was strolling on the terrace

of his palace when he noticed an

old man carrying a sack on his back being questioned by his guards. The emperor observed the man for a minute and ordered the guards to let him in and went down to receive him. Indeed, as he guessed, the man was the villager, now aged over a hundred years, who had come to meet him with the first ripe yield of the fruit trees he planted, witnessed by the emperor.

The emperor embraced the man and after accepting the fruit, filled the basket with gold coins. He told his courtiers that he had understood what the spirit of goodwill and optimism is! (M.D.)



### A KHASI THANKSGIVING

mong the tribal population of Meghalaya, the Khasis occupy a predominant position. Their five day long Shad Nongkrem festival is the most important event, which is a thankgiving offering following a rich harvest. This takes place in November in Smit, near Shillong, when the all-powerful goddess Ka Blei Shyanohar is worshipped.

The eldest sister of the 'king' called Ka Syiem Sad is the chief priestess who presides over the ceremonies. The religious rituals are followed by the Nongkrem dance on all five days. The Khasi men and women come out dressed in traditional

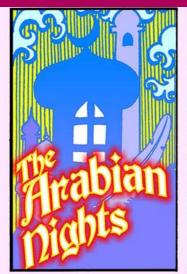


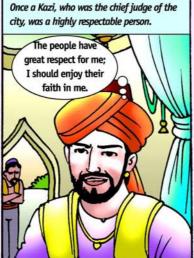
splendour. The men will be attired in colourful silk dhotis, coat and a plumed turban and adorned in glittering ornaments. They will hold a sword or a spear in one hand. The women appear in magnificent silk robes, wearing intricately designed ornaments made of gold and silver, besides a silver crown. The dance is led by the Syeim Sad under an umbrella held aloft. This is known as the royal dance. The outer circle will be formed by the young men who will flash their swords and spears while taking vigorous steps. The festival concludes on the fifth day with the Syiem offering a prayer to the Creator.

### JAIN TEMPLES OF WAYANAD

ayanad, a hilly district, bordering Calicut and Cannanore districts of Kerala and the Nilgiris of Tamilnadu, has several Jain temples, most of them still in ruins. The lone exception is the one in Sultan's Battery, which has been with the Archaeological Survey of India for some years now. Believed to have been built between the 12th and 14th centuries, this temple, after detailed renovation, is now ready, for being showcased to tourists, pilgrims and archaeologists. Historical records show that the temple was used as an armoury during the conquests of the Mysore hero, Tipu Sultan. Originally called Ganapativattom, the name assumed the popular name Sultan's Battery. Recently, when the well in the temple premises was renovated, two idols were recovered—one of Mahavira Jaina in white marble and the other a head chiselled out of black marble.

### THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

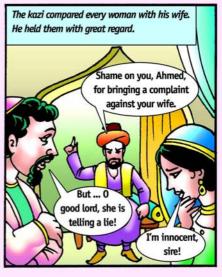














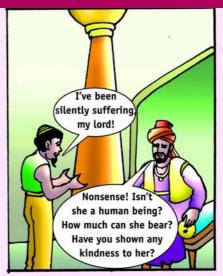


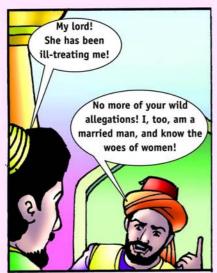


### A GOOSE IS A GOOSE











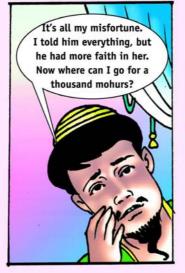


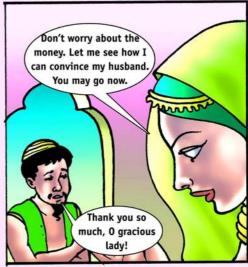
him in through a back door. The Kazi's wife, too, was moved to pity.

The Kazi doesn't believe in me, madam!

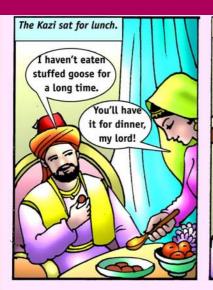
I'm sorry to hear that!

The maid took pity on him and brought





### THE ARABIAN NIGHTS



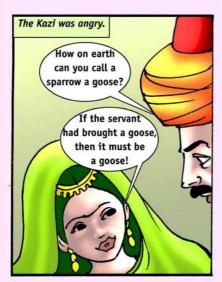








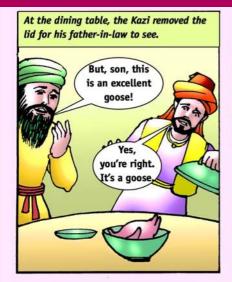


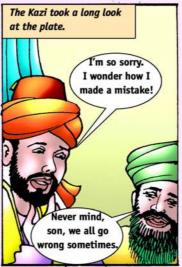






### A GOOSE IS A GOOSE

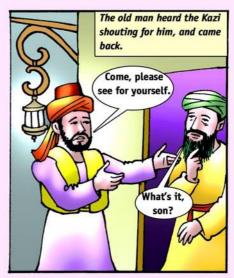




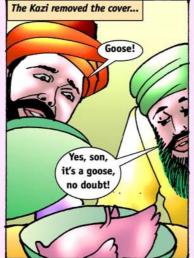






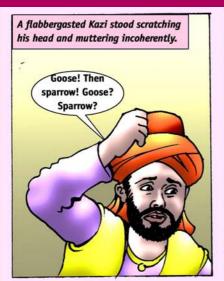








### THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

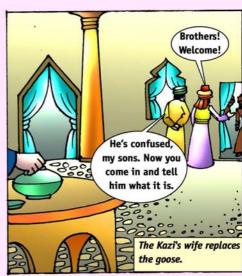






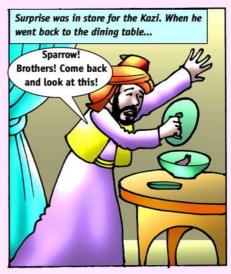










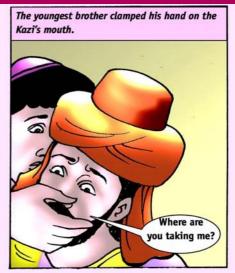


### A GOOSE IS A GOOSE

The Kazi was shocked to see a sparrow in the bowl. On hearing his shouts, they came back.



















## DEVI BAAGAVATAM



here are you taking him, mother?" asked the other two sons. She did not answer them but continued her journey. In fact, she did not want to do what she was doing. At the same time, she had to do something so that the children survived the crisis.

Their mother's conduct appeared strange to the boys. They began to wail. That attracted the attention of Satyavrata who was living in the forest like a hunter.

"What's the matter, mother? Why are these boys crying?" he asked.

"I'm Sage Viswamitra's wife and they are our sons. He has been away for a long time. I've no means to look after the boys. So, I propose to sell one of them," answered the hermitess.

"Mother, these boys have been brought up in the forest. They'll be unfit for any work in wealthy households. Let them continue to be with you. I'll give you a share of whatever food I get every day," said Satyavrata.

The hermitess thanked Satyavrata and went back to her hut. True to his promise, Satyavrata, left some fruits or a piece of meat every day in the hollow of a tree behind Viswamitra's hut.

As has already been said, Sage Vasishtha lived in the palace of King Arun. His hermitage in the forest was not guarded well. One day Satyavrata stole one of his cows. When Vasishtha was informed about it, he came to the forest and found Satyavrata and said angrily, "Once you were harassing Brahmins; then you caused great anguish to your kind-hearted father. Now you've harmed me. You should be called *Trishanku* (one who has proved to be a menace thrice) and turned into a vampire!"

The curse reduced Satyavrata to a vampire. He roamed about in great grief until a young sage taught him a hymn to the Divine Mother. He got back his peace by reciting the hymn.

One day he met a group of Brahmins and requested them to perform a certain rite for him. They laughed and said, "Do you forget that your own family-priest had cursed you to become a vampire? Who then will be prepared to serve you?"

Satyavrata felt so much humiliated at this that he decided to put an end to his life. He raised a fire at a lonely spot, into which he would plunge himself. However, before doing that, he prayed to the Divine Mother.

Suddenly the flames assumed the colour of dazzling gold. Out of the flames appeared the Divine Mother. "Don't kill yourself. Your agony will be over very soon!"

She disappeared, after restoring some confidence in Satyavrata.

### 33. SATYAVRATA RELEASED FROM CURSE

King Arun had by then returned to his palace. But he had lost all interest in ruling his kingdom and was eager to retire to the forest again, this time forever. He very much wished that his exiled son returned so that he could pass on the throne to him.

Sage Narada met the king and told him how his son was no longer a wayward youth and how he was about to kill himself. The king at once asked his minister to proceed to the forest and locate the prince and bring him back to the palace.

The minister and his party found the prince. By then the spell of Vasishtha's curse had also come to an end. The prince was no longer a vampire, though he looked pale and sad.

The prince was taken to the king who could not check his tears on seeing his condition. After so many years, he was bathed in perfumed water and was given proper food. The king then taught him the laws of administration and later departed for the forest.

Satyavrata ruled as an ideal king. However, he continued to be called Trishanku.

After reigning in peace for several years, King Trishanku handed over charge of his kingdom to his son, Harishchandra, and retired to the forest. He met his family priest, Vasishtha, and said, "O Guru, I've a special desire and that is to go to heaven while remaining in my physical body. Can you help me in fulfilling my wish? You can ask me to perform any kind of Yajna necessary for this."

"O King, one can go to heaven by virtue of

performing the right Yajna only after one's death. There is no possibility of anyone going there when he is alive," explained Vasishtha.

"There must be some way for going to heaven while alive, though you might not be aware of it. Well, I shall seek the help of some other sage," said Trishanku.

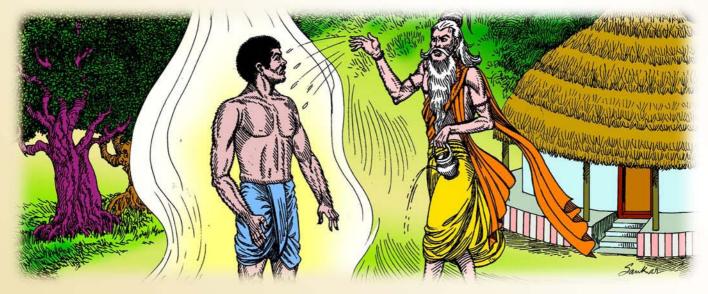
Vasishtha flared up. "So, you look upon me as an ignorant priest, do you? Apart from the absurdity of your desire, how do you forget your past? How do you dare dream of going to heaven and that, too, while alive? It was my folly to lift the curse that had made you a vampire. Better become a vampire once again!" shouted Vasishtha.

Trishanku was changed into a vampire once again. This was a great shock to him. Again he wanted to put an end to his life, but he knew that no sin was greater than taking one's own life. He who killed himself had to suffer much in his bodyless self. The consequence of the sin would have to be gone through even in one's later life.

Instead of killing himself, he decided to wait for a natural death, spending his days on the banks of the Ganga. Soon Sage Viswamitra met Trishanku and expressed his gratitude to him for what he had done to his family during his long absence. The sage wanted to do a good turn to him. Trishanku told him of his desire to go to heaven while he remained in his physical body.

Viswamitra thought for long and meditated on the issue. He then said there was a very special kind of Yajna that could make Trishanku's dream come true.

(To continue)





That is the saving grace of humour; if you fail no one is laughing at you.

- A. Whitney Brown

Sonal: Monal, you are looking

different today.

Monal: Yes, the doctor has asked

me to lose some weight.

Sonal: So, have you lost some? Monal: Yes, I've stopped putting

my make up.



## LAUGH TILL YOU DROP!

A judge looked severely at the defendant and asked, "How many times have you been imprisoned?" "Nine, Your Honour." "Nine? In that case, I will give you the maximum sentence". "Maximum sentence?" queried the defendant. "Don't you give your regular clients a discount?"

Student: Teacher, I can't solve this

problem.

Teacher: Any five year old should be

able to solve this one.

Student: No wonder I can't do it,

I'm nearly ten!

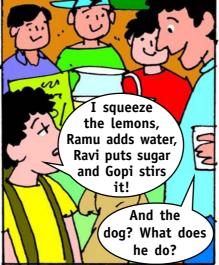


Manoj: I've got a wonder watch. It cost only Rs. 300/-

Madan: Why is it a wonder watch? Manoj: Because every time I look at it, I begin to wonder if it is still working!

### **DUSHTU DATTU**







## **COMRADE OF CREATURES BIG AND SMALL**

he 10-year-old boy's eyes gleamed with wonder as he peered into the cracks of the crumbling garden wall. Claw in claw a group of scorpions seemed to be slowly dancing in circles among the green velvety moss. They looked as though they were made out of polished chocolate. It was a fascinating little world. Then to his great amazement he discovered a plump scorpion covered with a pale yellowish brown fur walking out of the wee den. This strange shawl was only baby scorpions clinging on to their mother's back.

The young lad was thrilled and wished to take them all to his room where he could watch the little ones grow up. But dangerous and poisonous could be the sting of an angry scorpion. But he feared not and with unusual knack he managed to coax them, mother and babies, into a matchbox. As the little boy was hurrying

Unmindfully leaving the matchbox on the mantelpiece of the drawing room he joined the rest of the family at the dining table. For a while he forgot about his exciting capture.

into the house, he was called for lunch.

After his meal, his brother, Larry, went to the drawing room to fetch his matchbox but picked up the wrong one from the mantelpiece. Returning to his chair he opened the matchbox to light the cigar in his mouth. The scorpion with the load of babies rushed out onto his hand. He gave out a terrifying roar and vigorously flicked his hand. The poor creature went flying and landed on the table with a big thump scattering her babies all over.

The angry mother scorpion with her sting viciously curved up charged at Leslie who was sitting nearby. He desperately swung the napkin leaping to his feet and overturning the chair. The scorpion was now sent rolling across towards Margo. With a piercing scream she hurled a glass of water at her. Clean missing the target, she drenched her bewildered mother in the face as she was just looking under the table to find out the reason of the ongoing commotion. Meanwhile Roger, the dog, was running round and round the room barking wildly. He had obviously realised that the family was in some danger and it was his duty to protect. As Lugaretzia the housemaid was the only stranger present, he concluded that she must be the prime cause and bit her hard in the

ankle. By now the mother scorpion and the little ones had all disappeared under the plates

and bowls and spoons.

The family very well knew who was to blame, and muttering angrily at him retired to the sitting room.

"That silly brat has turned every matchbox in the house to a death-trap!" Meanwhile the innocent little culprit began to gather the scorpions one by one and returning the tiny babies onto their mother's back carried them in a saucer to the garden. Then most reluctantly indeed he released them on the wall.

This ten-year-old boy was none other than the famous naturalist, conservationist and adventurer, Gerald Durrell. His mother remembers that when he began to talk, one of his very first utterances was the word "zoo". He was born on January 7, 1925 in Jamshedpur where his British father was an engineer. It was his visit to a zoo in India that reportedly kindled his life-long love of animals. On his father's death in 1928, the family moved to England and then in 1935 to the sunny little Greek island of Corfu. Here Gerald made a special study of zoology and kept a large number of local wild animals including the matchbox full of scorpions.

He would often row around the small island in a small boat collecting his fauna. With great wonder he kept on learning and discovering in the enchanting isle of Corfu. The more he learned the more he longed to know. To help and encourage him came Dr. Theodore Stephanides, a scientist, poet and philosopher. He was also an expert naturalist.

At the outbreak of World War II the family moved to England and an enterprising Gerald found himself some work at an aquarium and a pet shop. When the war ended he joined the Whipsnade Zoo as a student keeper and gained much valuable experience. Then he began his great and charming adventures and went on expeditions to the jungles in the continents of Africa and South America to gather wild fauna for the zoos. But he always dreamed to have his own zoo one day that will be a haven particularly for those endangered species.

One moonlit night in West Africa this daring adventurer was led to a large deep pit full of snakes, the most deadly Gabon vipers. Naturally he wished to acquire these specimens of reptiles. As he was being slowly lowered by his assistants into this ten feet deep veritable death-trap, the paraffin lamp went out and one of his shoes came off. "So there was I," he recollects, "standing at the bottom of the 10ft deep pit, with no light and no shoe on one foot, surrounded by seven or eight deadly and extremely irritated Gabon vipers. I have never been more frightened. I had to wait in the dark, without daring to move, while my friends hauled the lamp out, pumped it up, relit it and lowered it into the pit again. Then I could see to retrieve my shoe."

Now with the most uncanny courage and skill, Durrell pinned each reptile down with a fork and then picking it up by the back of the neck put it into his bag. All went well and he was hauled up with a bag full of deadly snakes on his back. The angry creatures hissed viciously producing an eerie effect in the night.

One day a lorry stopped in front of the forest camp. In it was a large cage and out of it walked Cholmondley the chimpanzee. He was something of a rarity among the fauna. But his owner now wanted to hand him over to the ace animal collector for the London Zoo. The moment Cholmondley





saw Gerald Durrell, he immediately took hold of his hand and shook it warmly. Then he sat in one of the chairs by the table and crossing his legs looked around expectantly for something to be offered to him after the tedious journey. So requesting the native cook for some tea which he knew the chimpanzee liked, Gerald went to the lorry to fetch the beast's cup. He returned with an enormous tin mug and a delighted Cholmondley greeted him with some cheerful "hoo hoo" sounds. He knew that his favourite drink was soon coming.

Now while waiting for the tea, Gerald took out his cigarettes and at once the chimp held out his hand across the table. The packet was given to him. He fetched out a cigarette and putting it between his lips reached out his hand again for the matchbox. Then extracting a stick he lit his cigarette and threw the matchbox back on the table. When the native servant came with the tea, he almost fainted at the sight in front of him.

Comfortably leaning back in his chair Cholmondley was blissfully enjoying his cigar and clouds of smoke were spiralling out from his mouth and nostrils. He then drank the whole mug of tea with great relish, but not before blowing on it to cool it down. Not surprisingly later he became a famous TV personality in the London Zoo.

Deep in the African rain forests and high up in the huge hollow trees lived the rare flying mice. Hunting for them was almost like looking for a needle in the haystack. But if only Gerald could catch some of these enigmatic creatures, they would be indeed a prize possession. Will he be able to do it? One day he and his men came to a magnificent tree with a large hole at its base. Looking through this opening they found that there was indeed a hollow that went right up to the top like a factory chimney. Rays of sunlight poured in from the exit hole at the summit. It could be indeed the abode of these unusual specimens.

The exit hole at the top had to be first blocked. But who can climb the smooth polished branchless trunk of the tree that towered almost 200ft into the sky? It looked impossible. However, one of the hunters found out a way. He shinned a tall tree nearby and from its outstretched branches managed to scramble on to the top of the great trunk. He covered the upper hole of the trunk securely with a net. At the base a fire was lit after the large opening was also sealed with a netted trap. Clouds of thick pungent smoke rolled up into the rising tunnel. Can they smoke out the flying mice into their ambush?

Gerald and the native hunters stood still with bated breath. All of a sudden the fascinating little animals made their break. Some got trapped in the nets while others swarmed into the open air through the holes and cracks in the trunk which had not been noticed earlier. A host of them

were moving on the smooth surface of the wood with remarkable speed. It looked as though they were gliding instead of running. As the thick smoke enveloped the great tree they launched themselves into the air. "Their wonderful ability in the air amazed me," said Durrell, "for there was no breeze in the forest to set up the air currents I should have thought essential for such intricate manoeuvring."

Finally they did manage to gather some healthy specimens. Unfortunately, they did not survive in captivity, but lived indeed in the memory of those who saw them around the great tree in the deep jungle.

With his adventurous spirit Gerald Durrell continued tirelessly in pursuit of many of the oddest and most elusive creatures. Some of them were the hoatzins, birds who built their nests overhanging the water. In case of danger the new born chicks just drop into the water below and swim and dive like fish and when it is safe they return to their nests. He had also in his collection the tucotuco, a little animal with a round face and a furry tail, the sloth clad in bright green fur and fish with two pair of eyes. Daringly he caught hold of the Que-Fong-Woo, a snake

the mere touch of which caused instant death, so thought the frightened natives, but were proved wrong. He heard the powerful cries of the booming squirrels producing deep rolling sounds and the horrifying noise of the piranha fish on rampage. He slept at night baiting a trap for the vampire bats with one of his own toes. Holding the torch in his mouth he moved lying down on his stomach through a low dark and deep tunnel to capture a curious-looking porcupine. He also learned and lassoed a galloping giant ant-eater.

Gerald Durrell at last realised his cherished dream when he founded the Jersey Zoological Park in the Channel Islands in 1958. He chose Dodo the flightless bird of Mauritius that was mercilessly hunted down to extinction four hundred years ago as its symbol. On his death on January 30, 1995, the park was renamed after him. He wrote several delightful little books narrating his adventures in his inimitable charming style.

The dream and radical ideas of this brave crusader still echo to this day.

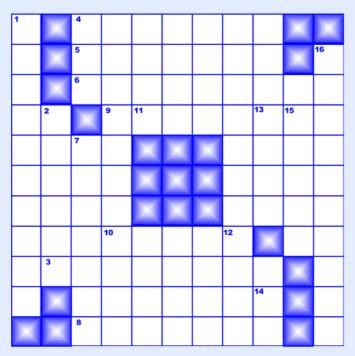
"We hope," he said, "that there will be fireflies and glow-worms at night to guide you and butterflies in hedges and forests to greet you.

"We hope that your dawns will have an orchestra of bird song and that the sound of their wings and the opalescence of their colouring will dazzle you.

"We hope that you will be grateful for having been



## PUZZLE DAZZLE CROSSWORD ON DESERTS



### Across:

- 3. This desert is located in southwestern Africa (8).
- 4. An arid region of northwest Chile. It is known as the driest desert on the earth (7).
- 5. It is located in southwestern Arizona and southeastern California, U.S.A, and northern Baja California and western Sonora state (7)
- A desert of north-central Uzbekistan and south-central Kazakhstan southeast of the Aral Sea between the Amu Darya and the Syr Darya (8).
- 8. It is located in central Australia (7).
- 10. The world's largest desert located in North America (Last two letters missing) (6).
- 11. It is one of the places the Israelites camped at during the Exodus. It is somewhere in the location of Rephidim and between Elim and Sinai. (3).
- 14. A desert region of Turkmenistan between the Caspian Sea and the Amu Darya (7) (Reverse).

Here is a crossword on deserts. The clues below will help you solve the puzzle



#### Down:

- 1. A vast arid area of northwest Australia north of the Gibson Desert (10)
- 2. A hilly desert region of southern Israel. Assigned to Israel after the partition of Palestine in 1948, it has various mineral resources (5).
- 7. It is a desert of southeast Mongolia and northern China (4)
- 9. This desert is found on a plateau in the south of the Inner Mongolian Autonomous Region of the People's Republic of China (5).
- 12. A desert in Holland (5).
- 13. A sandy region of northwest India and southeast Pakistan between the Indus and Sutlej river valleys (4).
- 15. A dry region of southwest Africa extending along the coast of Namibia between the Atlantic Ocean and the interior plateau (5).
- 16. It is a desert of western China between the Tian Shan and the Kunlun Mountains (10).

- by R Vaasugi

14. Kara kum. **Down:** 1. Great Sandy, 2. Negev, 7. Gobi, 9. Ordos, 12. Pooma, 13. Thar, 15. Namib, 16. Taklamakan.

**Across:** 3. Kalahari, 4. Atacama, 5. Sonoran, 6. Kyzyl kum, 8. Simpson, 10. Saha (ra), 11. Zin,

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD:



ekhar was orphaned in his childhood itself. He was brought up by his uncle Krishna. Though he was very much affectionate towards Sekhar, his wife Rohini detested him from the very beginning. She burdened him with the entire household chores, and at the same time gave him the most frugal meals. As the years passed, the situation started deteriorating and Sekhar had to go without food on many days. Besides, he had to put up with verbal abuses from and physical torture by his aunt. Though in the presence of her husband, she pretended to take care of him, she did the contrary in his absence. Later, Krishna was aware of the ill-treatment meted out to his nephew in his absence, and he was furious with his wife. When he reprimanded her severely, Rohini retaliated: "Don't accuse me! This rascal is telling lies to you about me! Send him out of the house!"

Krishna countered her. "Don't try to act, Rohini! The poor boy is too good to complain about you! He is extremely tolerant and goodnatured. I've come to know what you do with him from other quarters, too."

Rohini shot back: "If you believe that your nephew is so tolerant, send him to work under your relative Sitaram! He'll be better off there! I can't look after your nephew any longer!"

Krishana became angry. He replied: "Why should he go there? He'll be with us only!"

Rohini became agitated. She shouted, "Then, let me leave this house!"

Sekhar had to intervene to pacify the quarrelling couple. "Uncle! Please don't quarrel with aunty on my count. I'll rather go to uncle Sitaram's house at once!"

Krishna was too furious to speak. After sometime, when he had cooled down, it occurred to him that the idea was not altogether bad. At least, Sekhar would be able to eat two square meals a day instead of often starving.

Sitaram was a nice man in earlier times. After his retirement, he got bored by siting idle in the house. His wife Arundhathi and his sons were busy with their own work and hence could not spare any time for him. Sitaram felt neglected and hence gave vent to his annoyance at everyone. Being unable to put up with his nagging, Arundhathi took a servant to look after his personal needs. But this made matters worse. Sitaram felt let down by his own family and harassed the servant. He soon left their service. Arundhathi engaged several servants thereafter, but none stuck to the job. She was now badly in

need of a servant who would be patient enough to work under her ever-nagging husband. Krishna was aware of this, but the only consolation was that Sekhar would at least not starve. So, he decided to send Sekhar to Sitaram's house.

Initially, it was a bit difficult for Sekhar to put up with the tantrums of Sitaram. Gradually, he got used to them. He showed utmost patience in dealing with his new master. Very soon, Sitaram started liking Sekhar. Arundhathi now felt much relieved and she was so pleased with the boy that she gave him sumptuous food. She took care of all his needs and treated him as a member of her own family.

One day, a hermit visited their house. Greatly pleased with the family, the hermit said: "I want to bless all of you. Please come one by one and tell me your wishes. I shall pray to god to grant you your wishes."

They went to him one by one and spoke out their wishes. Arundhathi desired a long married life. The sons wanted to lead prosperous lives. Sitaram wanted that all should bestow their best attention on him. When everyone's turn was over, Arundhathi called Sekhar and asked him to express his wish.

Sekhar knelt before the hermit and prayed to him: "O holy man! I want my master to have a long and healthy life. He should be contented as he was once upon a time. He should become a lovable person."

All others, including the hermit, were astounded on listening to Sekhar. The hermit stroked his back fondly and said, "My dear boy! When all others have asked for the fulfilment of their personal wishes, what makes you only pray for the sake of your master? Don't you have any personal wish of your own?"

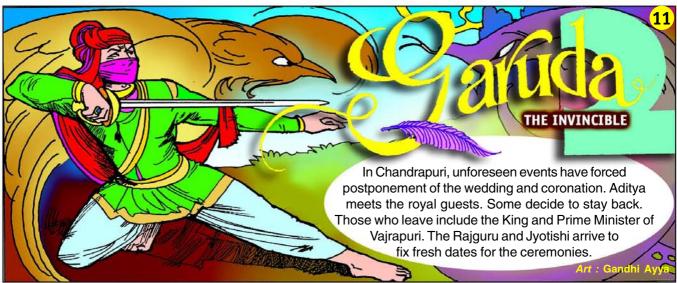
"O holy man!" said Sekhar, his voice choked with emotion. "I consider him my god! I owe my very existence in this house to him. Every morsel of food I get in this house is because of him. Nothing in the world would I seek other than his welfare!"

"Dear boy," cautioned the hermit, "don't you realize that once your wish gets fulfilled and he becomes normal, you might lose your job in this house? Have you thought of that?"

"It doesn't matter!" said Sekhar." Even if I'm asked to leave his service, I wouldn't mind. I would always recollect the happy days I spent with him. His welfare is most important to me."

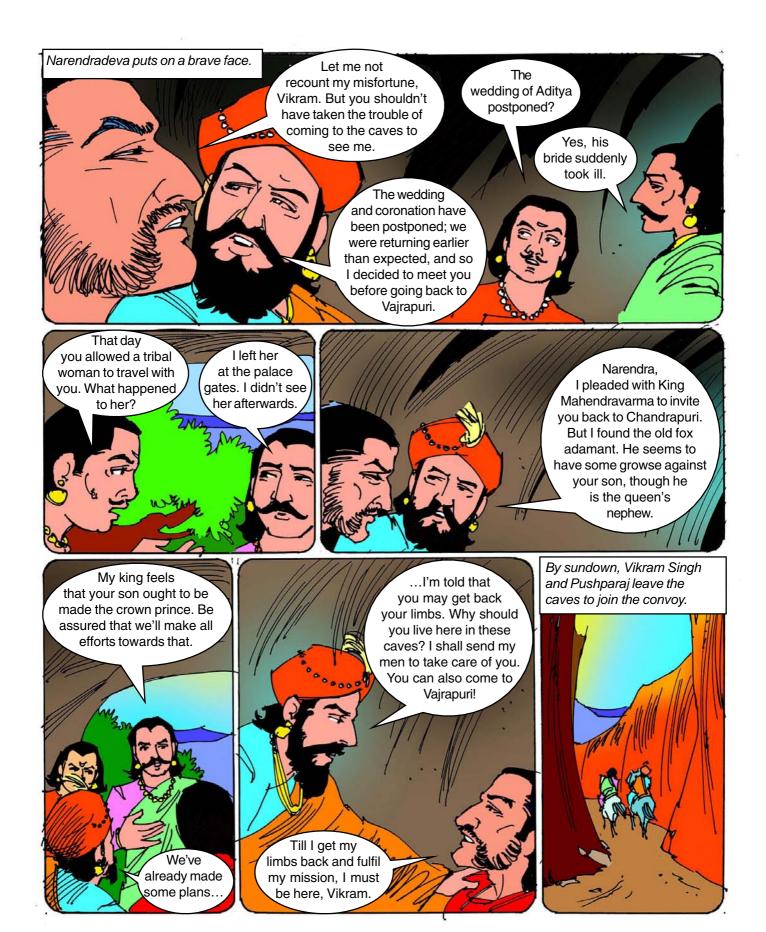
Sitaram was overwhelmed. He held Sekhar's hands and said, "Never will I ask you to leave my house! You aren't my servant any longer! From this day, you're my third son. And you'll be with me for ever!" He hugged Sekhar and wept like a child.



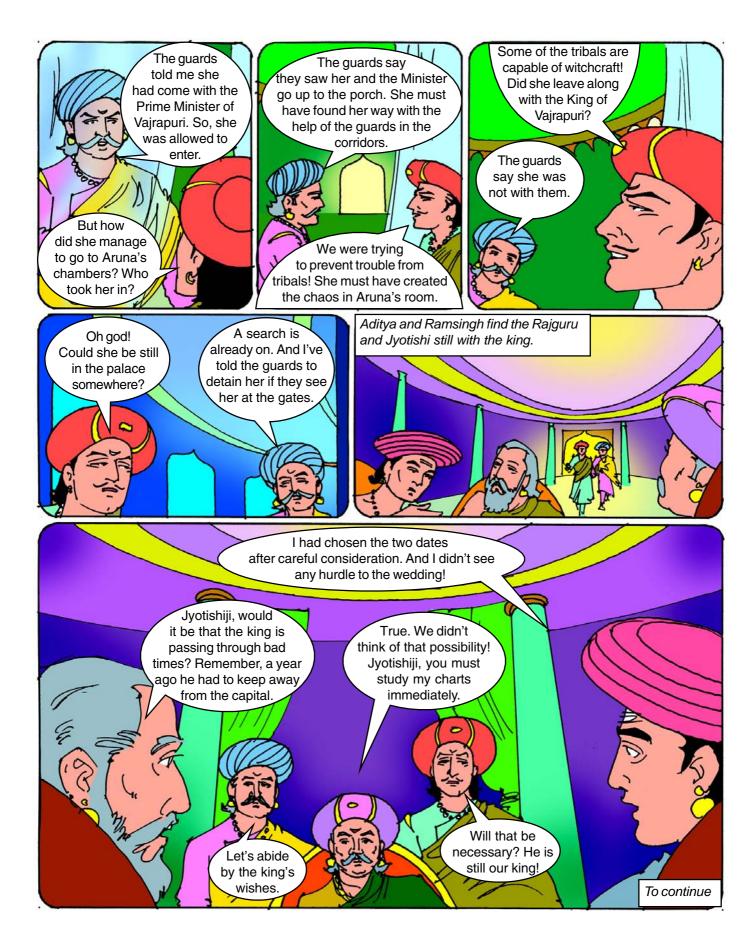












## CHANDAMAMA QUIZ ANSWERS

### **QUIZ - 9:**

- Naluvedapathi, helped by Pushpavanam - the villagers planted 254,464 casuarina trees on 47 acres in 24 hours.
- 2. Louis Pasteur he discovered a cure for rabies, saving the lives of many victims of dog-bite.
- 3. Dado first seen in Mauritius in 1507; by 1681 it was extinct.
- 4. The Mughal emperor Shah Alam who ruled from the Red Fort. When a rakhi was tied on his hand, he became a 'bhai' (brother) to Ramjani.
- 5. Casimir Funk, in 1911.
- 6. It was the first ever telephone conversation between the inventor of

- the telephone, Alexander Graham Bell, and his assistant Watson, made in 1875. The same conversation was repeated by Bell in 1915, when the first transcontinental telephone link was established. Bell was in the east, while Watson was far away in west USA.
- 7. When Prince Quli of Golconda married the famous singer Bhagmati, her name was

changed to Hyder Mahal. The city was called after her.

- 8. The newfound planet called 2003 UB 313.
- 9. Domkedi.
- 10. George Bernard Shaw and his mother.



#### WINNER:

### ANJANA JAYARAM RAO, Nanganallur, Chennai-600 061

### **QUIZ - 10:**

- 1. China.
- 2. It is the first ever Muslim construction in India.
- 3. She swam the Arabian Sea, from Uran to the Gateway of India (17km) in a record time of 5 hours 21 minutes.
- 4. Apricot
- 5. Chandni Chowk in Delhi.
- 6. Alfred Einstein wrote to Tyffany Williams when she expressed surprise that he was alive.

- 7. Agra.
- 8. Jim Corbett.
- 9. The Arctic region Eskimo.
- 10. The characters are
  Karma and Puspa,
  son and daughter of
  Ankasa, in the
  Malaysian legend
  "Secret of Nature's
  Love".



**NOTE:** No all-correct entry was received.

## CHANDAMAMA QUIZ-11

### All the questions are based on the contents of the issues of 2005.

What you should do: 1. Write down the answers; 2. Mention your name, age (you should be below 16), full postal address with PIN Code; 3. Mention your subscriber number, if you are a subscriber; 4. Write on the envelope **CHANDAMAMA QUIZ-11** with your complete address; 5. Mail your entry to reach us by November 30, 2006; 6. The results will be published in the January 2007 issue.

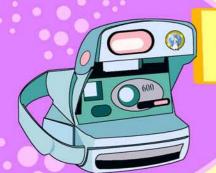
# AN ALL-CORRECT ENTRY WILL FETCH A CASH PRIZE OF RS 250\*

\* If there are more than one all-correct entry, a lot will be taken to decide the prizewinner. However, the names of all those who have sent all-correct entries will be published.

- 1. What is "Uhuru"? What does it mean?
- 2. "Who is this young handsome lad?"—"He's my son."—"He's welcome. He will be enrolled among my attendants of honour." Where did this conversation take place? Who are the three persons indicated in the dialogue?
- 3. "The wasteland of war". Who gave this epithet to which region under what circumstances?
- 4. "But I don't know how to play, O wise one!" Between whom is this conversation? What does the expression "to play" indicate?
- 5. A pious Muslim lady donated money to construct a temple dedicated to Lord Siva. Where is this temple located?
- 6. What is the significance of the day, September 24, 1852?
- 7. "Rare it is to find a pearl that is black and white." Who composed this poetic sentence and on which occasion?
- 8. What makes people remember the Champawat tigress?
- 9. In which well-known story will you come across characters called Pavitra Prabhakar, Meera Jain, and Uncle Bhim?

10. Identify the two characters in the picture below. Mention the title of the story in which the picture appears.





## Photo Caption CONTEST

You may write it on a post card marking it:

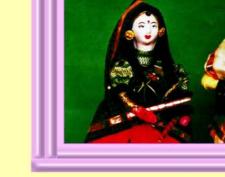
Photo Caption Contest, CHANDAMAMA

and mail it to reach us before the 20th of the current month.



KALANIKETAN BALU

Can you write
a caption in a
few words,
to suit these
pictures related
to each other?



MAHANTESH C. MORABAD

The best entry will
receive a Prize of Rs.100 and it will
also be published in the issue after the
next. Please write your address
legibly and add PIN code.

### CHANDAMAMA ENGLISH ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

Within India Rs. 180/- by surface mail Payment in favour of

CHANDAMAMA INDIA LIMITED

No. 82 Defence Officers Colony Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097.

Congratulations!
September 2006 Lucky Winner:
MS.DOLLY A.MEHBOOBANI
Flot No 6/ 1st Floor

Flat No.6/ Ist Floor
Devi Society
Padamjee Park, Pune-411 002



Printed and Published by B. Viswanatha Reddi at B.N.K. Press Pvt. Ltd., Chennai - 600 026 on behalf of Chandamama India Limited No. 82 Defence Officers Colony, Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097. Editor: B. Viswanatha Reddi (Viswam)

### **ADVANTAGE OF CAR POOLS**



Sekhar was worried. With the frequent hike in petrol prices, his expenditure on petrol for driving from his residence to his office on M.G. Road was sharply increasing every month. One evening, as he pondered this problem at home, his ten year old son Anirudh approached him and said, "Dad! Would you give me some problems to solve?"

"Anirudh! Don't disturb your dad!" said his mother Vidya. "I shall give you a sum! Three friends Ram, Raj, Raghu travel by their own cars from Vikas Nagar to their offices on M.G.Road and back on all week days. The total distance to and fro is 30km. The mileage their cars give is 15km/litre. If the cost of petrol is Rs.50/litre, what is their total expenditure per week on petrol?"

"Rs.1,800 per week!" replied the smart boy in no time. "Mom!" continued Anirudh. "Don't you think they are foolish to spend so much on petrol? If all of them have to reach the same destination, why can't they travel together in one car and thereby reduce their expenses drastically?"

"Vow!" sprang up Sekhar, who was overhearing the conversation. "Anirudh! What if their destinations are different? Suppose, one has to go to M.G.Road, the other to J.N.Road and the third to Shastri Road?"

"So what, dad?" said the boy. "In that case, the farthest destination will be Shastri Road. That's all! Even then, they can save a lot of money by travelling together."

"He's right!" said Vidya. "Why don't you try it out, Sekhar? You can pick up Mohan and Ravi as partners and form a car pool, though their offices are not in the same place as yours."

The enlightened Sekhar did exactly the same from the very next day and he could thus save a lot of money. Why only Sekhar? All motorists can take a cue from him. If more such car pool arrangements are made, you would not only save money, but reduce the traffic congestion and the resultant pollution as well. Above all, the total consumption of petrol would come down, which would indirectly benefit the nation.



Regd. with Registrar of Newspaper for India No. 17914/70. Regd No. TN/CC(S)Dn/166/06-08 Licensed to post WPP - Inland No.TN/CC(S)Dn/98/06-08, Foreign No. 99/06-08



The Best Lacto In Town